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"TO-NIGHT."

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It seemed to me that all the world
In that one word had spoken,
Although 'twas but a simple word,
'Twas by a loved one broken.

It came and went, and many more—
And years have come and gone—
My heart, as 'twas that bridal morn—
But he, alas! is gone.

'Twas Spring—the birds were singing then;
No morn was e'er more bright;
The sun shone bright o'er hill and glen,
But darkness came with night.

He left me—joy was in his smile—
We parted at the gate;
He promised to be back to dine;
We should not have to wait.

He did not come—we waited on—
The hours grew long and drear;
The parlors then began to fill
With friends from far and near.

Alas! they went as they had come,
In wonder and dismay!
My heart was sad, my tongue was mute,
On this my bridal day.

O weary thought! how sad, indeed,
The morning was to me!
The cold world could never heed
My tears of agony!

For death had sealed his early fate
E'en yet the night was gray;
But I know he'll meet me at the gate,
Beyond this world of clay.

J. L. G.

ERIE TEMPLETON.

A STORY OF MYSTERY AND PASSIONATE LOVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,

AUTHOR OF "A LOST LIFE," "BERTHA," "GILDED MISERY," "THE TANGLED WEB," "LOVE IN A MIST," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CITY PHYSICIAN.

Doctor Albert Markman was unmarried from choice, not necessity. Gifted above ordinary men, ambitious and determined, he had fought his way from poverty to wealth. But, to use his own words, "he had never found time to marry," though the true reason was, he had never met a woman who came up to his ideal standard—never, at least, until he became acquainted with Erie Leavett.

From the time of their introduction he had been enamored, and he resolved he would cultivate her acquaintance at the earliest opportunity. Not that he hoped she would ever be more to him than a friend. He was too honorable to admit even a passing thought of winning her from her husband. But in case that husband should die—what then? He blushed for shame as he found himself lingering upon the "what might be."

The first call to the mansion of the Templetons (as it was still designated) was quickly banished in the press of business. Sudden, even what were denominated mysterious, deaths and post-mortems were no uncommon thing with him, and scarcely caused afterthought. But when summoned the second time—when the dead baby was the subject—both his curiosity and sense of justice were aroused, and he endeavored to find out not only the cause, but also where rested the blame, if any there should be. Disappointed in the former, the latter fell to the ground, and he left the house with an uneasy feeling—a sensation of not having entirely fulfilled his mission.

This strange impression continued with him after his return home. The little speck of blood he had been able to trace, despite the evident attempts to wash it away, troubled him. If there was any secret cause of death, he believed that had something to do with it—was the clue which, if closely followed, might lead to a perfect elucidation of the matter. With that belief firmly fixed in his mind he could not rest until he was either entirely satisfied or baffled; and with him to resolve was to act.

Situated as he was, means were not wanting (and in what great city are they?) to carry out his purposes, whether lawful or not. The talismanic power of gold was sufficient to hear his mandates and obey his will; and the morning after the child of Marvin and Erie Leavett had been buried in a country churchyard, it lay upon a table in the private office of the city physician, and he was standing over it, knife in hand.

But of what he learned no man or woman was the wiser. His lips were a sealed book. Even his lifetime friend Doctor Parsons had no idea he had gone to any such length to procure information. Yet he was not contented to rest the matter even there. He must see the fleshless bones of the grandmother—had done so—and the men he had employed, rendered careless by drink, had been seen by him and Erie, and came near being detected. But they had done their work faithfully, and it was of that he had murmured when he paused for a moment among the graves.

With the knowledge thus gained, he considered himself competent to act understandingly; and, having arranged his business so as to be absent for a time, he resolved, to use a detective term, to "work up the case" to his own satisfaction, and cultivate the acquaintance of Mrs. Leavett. The latter he found a dangerous business.

The social dinner that followed their meeting broke down all of ceremony—the trial of strength in the graveyard convinced him as to his status in her mind, and subsequent meetings gave him a tolerable clue to that of her heart. How was it with his own?

He did not pause to ask the question—would have denied even to himself that she was any more to him than a friend, would ever be—and yet was daily growing more deeply in love. The one passion of his life was too strong for him to stem. Even if he had seen his danger, unless he immediately fled from the entanglement—had seen that two souls were surely drifting on to perdition—he would not have had the power to do so. But he was blinded to all of this. The strong man was fast becoming the slave of the woman, with loss of action and judgment warped.

And now, as he sat and conversed with Erie or listened to the melody of her voice, singing or talking, the scruples and shame with which he had before reflected upon the subject "took unto themselves wings," and he almost coolly calculated the chances of her husband's living! Had anyone even whispered such a thing in her ear, he would have been enraged, grossly insulted. But his insane love silenced conscience, and he planned for and reveled in the future as one of the certainties of life.

Yet often, when doing so, a death's-head arose between him and happiness. The mystery of the double death was yet unsolved. That his first impression had been correct he unfaltering believed, and could have been denied. Now they were entirely obliterated, or remained only to clear her name from even a shadow of suspicion. It would have been hard indeed for a man of such strong passions to have even the most remote idea that the one he loved was a murderess. To escape such a conclusion, it appeared impossible that so beautiful and educated a woman could have harbored the thought of staining her hands in blood, and, more than that, of her own child—a poor, helpless babe that plead angel-tongued for pity.

And to this end the conduct of Erie when with him alone (her husband rarely being present) contributed very much. Never was woman more gentle or yielding—never did one consult another's taste more perfectly. In his society she was a changed being—all that was lovely and womanly.

Not that there was the slightest grossness or indelicacy even while bestowing upon him the little nameless nothings that so win men. She knew such things would instantly drive him from her side, though she would have eloped with him if urged, for her love was as burning as her coldness had been icy. But with a mighty hand she controlled the fire that was consuming her, and though little flames would now and then jet out sufficiently to reveal the volcano beneath, yet they were only such as to prove the value of the prize that was out of his reach and make him long madly for its possession. With such a maelstrom drawing them in, there could not but be shipwreck.

But not always were their conversations spiced with the words that are rather born in the heart than brain. A visit (insisted upon by Leavett) to the studio and a glimpse of the nearly completed picture of the dead child turned their thoughts into a different channel, and when again in the parlor the subject was naturally enough commented upon. They were seated in one of the cunningly constructed tete-a tete chairs, so that they could look into each other's face and their hands rest together in the most innocent fashion, when Erie asked in a very matter-of-fact manner.

"What do you think of the picture, Doctor?"

"Do you wish a truthful answer, Mrs. Leavett?"

"For goodness' sake, never call me by that name again, except when compelled to do so by society!" she exclaimed impatiently.

"I will not," with a gratified smile, and the thought how dearly he would like to give her another.

"Call me Erie, please. The other is not familiar—is hateful to me. With such friends as we are, Doctor, it is altogether too formal."

"Then Mrs.—I beg pardon—Erie, to repeat my former question."

"As to whether you are to answer truthfully?"

"Yes, and as a likeness and a work of art?"

"Both, if you please."

"As to the former, it is good—as for the latter, it is scarcely above mediocrity. Still, although the same must be said of the painting, I saw one that I should value very highly."

"Which was that, Doctor?"

"Yours, Erie."

It required all her self-command to keep from throwing herself into his arms and telling him to take the original. But whatever she might do at another time, she had another object in view then; and, without noticing the implied compliment, continued:

"I have never learned, Doctor, what your theory was with regard to the deaths that lately occurred in this house."

"Do you intend to ask if they were natural?"

"That is my purpose."

"Then to you, in confidence, I have no hesitation in saying they were not."

"What in the name of Heaven do you mean?" she asked, with fading color.

"Simply what I have stated. But Mrs.—Erie; I thank you for permitting me to call you by that dear name—I may still more unbosom myself to you. Those deaths were not only caused by violent means, but I have followed the trail so closely that I think I could put my finger upon the infamous perpetrator with almost certainty."

"Great Heaven!" was the gasped response.

"I do not wonder at your feelings. They are only natural. Yet let me beg of you to control yourself—not to thus give way even to indignation. The worse than fiend who killed both grandmother and grandchild lives in this very house!"

"O God!" and her head drooped, and she clasped her hands above her heart as if to still its painful throbbing.

"It is well to call upon God, for He certainly will punish."

"And you know who did the—the murder?" she asked, watching him from beneath the drooped lashes, and doing all possible to appear calm.

"As far as circumstantial evidence can go, I believe I do. The murder was committed by ——"

"For the love of Heaven, whom?"

"A woman!"

Erie fell back almost fainting. Her lips were without a shadow of the burning red that invested them a moment before—the hands that had clutched her hair unloosened its fastenings, and it rolled over her shoulders, down to her waist, in waves of sparkling gold, hiding her features and giving her time to compose them veiled from the searching eyes. He hastily procured a glass of water, tenderly smoothed back the tangled tresses, held the glass to her lips, and, seeing that she had partially recovered, resumed:

"I honor you for your emotion. It is most horrible to think that one of your sex could be guilty of such—pardon the word—such a damning deed, and that you should dwell beneath the same roof. Nevertheless, I believe it is true."

"Underneath the same roof with me!" she repeated.

"With you, Erie."

"Then I am ——"

"You must not permit me to trouble you. But please answer me a few questions. First, have you made your will—for I understand all the property is vested in you—and, if so, in whose favor? You may rely upon my honor that I will not mention what you tell me."

"The bulk goes to Doctor Parsons, but the nurse is largely remembered."

"Ah, your nurse? Has she any possible means of knowing this?"

"I may have told her—very likely have."

"If your child had lived, the property would have gone to her?"

"Without doubt. But I cannot understand what you are questioning me so closely for, Doctor."

"To find a reason for the double murder."

"And you think you have done so?"

"Your child stood between you and the nurse, and ——"

"My nurse! Heaven have mercy upon me!"

Her nerves, which had been strained to the utmost so long, suddenly gave way. Her head fell back, the long hair streamed in threads of red gold to the floor, her face was upturned, her eyes closed, her lips slightly parted. To him, knowing there was nothing dangerous in the situation, the picture was a most beautiful one.

"Erie, my darling, my best, my only beloved!" he whispered, and, overcome by the not-to-be-restrained impulse of the moment, he stooped down and kissed her.

Raising the limp form in his strong arms, Markman carried her to a sofa, laid her gently upon it, brought water, tossed back the glorious hair, and began the work of resuscitation. It was a harder task than he had anticipated, and his blood, fired again by gazing unchecked on her beauty, by smoothing the snow brow and cheeks, caused him to murmur rapturously:

"O Erie! if you were only free, if your husband were dead, you should be mine, my wife, my idol forever."

Did Erie hear and comprehend the words? It might have been so, for there was a deeper color to cheek and lip, and a more dazzling light in the eyes, when she pressed his hand at parting, and whispered a fond, lingering "good-night."

CHAPTER XX.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Marvin Leavett's compliments to Doctor Parsons, and wishes to see him *upon important business* at his earliest leisure.

The old physician picked up the note from his table upon his return home from his professional visits, read it over the second and the third time, examined the writing closely, and then burst out with:

"What in thunder is the matter now? He wants to see me. I would just as soon have expected a summons from the moon."

"What is the matter now?" asked his wife in her usual quiet way.

"Just read that note. How long has it been here?"

"It was brought a couple of hours since, and I had forgotten all about it. But I don't see anything strange in that for you, husband."

"I do. I wonder where Erie is. Ah, there she comes now. Manage to keep her until I return. If Doctor Markman hadn't been called so suddenly home, I would be inclined to take him along with me. That's the plague of our lives. We never know when we can have a moment to ourselves. There's the child getting off her pony. Don't let her know where I am going. Aha! Erie, my daughter, glad to see you. Sit down and rest until I come back. Then we will have a right social dinner together. So Markman has gone? Sorry for it. A very clever fellow—pity he never married."

"Which way are you going, Doctor?" she asked, without paying the slightest attention to the rest of his rambling talk.

"Only to see a poor fellow that has got a bee in his bonnet, or something of the kind. Won't be detained long, I guess. Sit down. Take off your things and have a chat with mother. I will do you both good. By the way, did Markman leave any word for me?"

"For *you* with *me*?" questioned Erie, forcing a laugh to conceal her disquietude. "That's a very strange thing to ask."

"So it is, come to think of it. Fancied he might. No matter. I suppose we shall hear from him again some time. Take care of yourself. Good-bye."

With far more than his accustomed speed the horse was driven to the house whither the old physician had been summoned, and he leaped out, regardless of his age and infirmities.

"Where is your master?" he asked of the servant, who appeared watching for his coming.

"In his studio, sir."

"Studio? Bah! I wonder how far these new-fangled notions are going to run. Better call it a painting room at once and done with it. But I'll go and see him. Put my horse in the stable and mind that he is well-blanketed. Do you hear? He is an old-fashioned fellow, and used to old-fashioned comforts;" and he ascended the stairs, growling and puffing in the same breath.

Leavett was walking the floor uneasily when he entered. He had on a fanciful dressing-gown and a German smoking-cap—more "new-fangled" notions, that tended to still further vex the old man; so he blurted out with little of his old suavity:

"What did you send for me for, Leavett?"

"Because I wished to consult you upon a matter of the most vital importance to both my happiness and my honor."

"Hmm!" mused the old man, as he flung himself into the first chair that offered, and glanced at his face. "It must be something desperate that could arouse this sluggish clod." Then aloud: "What is it?"

"Erie."

"Is alive and well. Just left her at my house."

"I wish I had never seen her, Doctor."

"So do I; but it can't be changed now."

"Do you think she ever loved me?"

"How should I know a woman's mind? But you didn't send for me to ask such foolish questions?"

"No; but it was a necessary one."

"I do not see it. If a man does not know whether his wife loves him, who the deuce should?"

"You know Doctor Markman?"

"Of course, and a more honorable man never lived."

"I do not think so."

"I shouldn't suppose you would;" and then he snapped under his breath: "A fool cannot appreciate a wise man, or a boor a gentleman."

"I presume he is all you would say, so far as scientific attainments go; but that he is an honorable man, in any sense of the term, I deny."

"Whew!"

"Do you think an honorable man would gain a footing in my house, and then so far forget himself as to be caught in a private apartment kissing my wife?"

"Kissing the cook just as much!"

"Doubt as you will, it is a fact."

"Who saw him?"

"I did!"

"For a man who pretends to have even an ordinary quantity of brains, you are the most consummate ass I ever met, Leavett."

"I do not wonder that you are surprised."

"That is no name for it. Erie permit Doctor Markman to kiss her? The next thing you will be telling me is that somebody, besides myself, has been kissing my old wife."

"I should have though it just as probable."

"Well, let's hear what sort of a rigmarole you have got to tell," and he threw himself back in the chair, as if prepared to endure the next thing to martyrdom.

The story was brief. Leavett had seen but little, and consequently had little to tell. He had chanced to look into the parlor door when passing—had seen Erie with her head thrown back, passively submitting while Doctor Markman smoothed back the waves of rippling hair, murmured something he did not understand, but believed to be loving words, and then bent down and kissed her with the most passionate warmth.

"Well?" questioned the old physician, "what more?"

"That is all. I was too much astonished to remain and see what followed."

"Ran away like a thief, did you? If I had found a man kissing my wife, I would have broken his head, old as I am. But I don't believe a word of the story."

"Then you mean to insinuate that I have fabricated it, Doctor?"

"I should be loth to think that. But I do believe you are mistaken. You can't convince me that Markman would attempt such a thing; and I know Erie would have boxed his ears soundly had he tried it."

"I can only repeat that I saw it."

"Your eyes deceived you. That's the long and the short of it. If you had gone in like a man, not run away like a sneak, you could have placed the matter beyond a doubt. Now it can never be more than a mere surmise."

"I wish I could think so."

"The fact is, you are jealous of Markman; and a purer man could not be found. Have you said anything to your wife about it?"

"Not yet. I thought it best to consult with you first."

"And you want my advice?"

"Certainly, or I should not have sent for you."

"Then all I have got to say is, it is none of my business."

"Do you decline to tell me what is best to be done?"

"There can be but one thing, and that is to meet your wife face to face, and charge her with what your insane fancy has led you to believe true."

"And if she denies it?"

"It would be very strange if she did not deny such a gross imputation upon her honor."

"What am I to do, then, Doctor?"

"Settle it the best way you can," and the old physician hurried out of the society of a man whom he began to believe was but one remove from an idiot."

Although self-reproach did not come word of what he had heard, yet it troubled him. He foresaw that it might occasion a serious rupture between Erie and her husband. He judged, and rightly, that her temper would blaze beyond all control, and it was his first thought to go and reason with her. But reflection convinced him that it was not, and he was glad to find she had left when he returned home.

"So Erie has gone," he said to his wife, as he entered.

"Yes; I could not keep her any longer."

"Well, I'm glad of it."

"Glad Erie has gone!" she answered in astonishment.

"Yes;" and he told her all that had transpired, closing with: "I'd give a small farm to see Erie when her husband charges her with being kissed by Markman—that is, if he dares to do so, which I doubt."

After the departure of the Doctor, Leavett watched anxiously for the coming of his wife, saw her riding slowly down the house, determined to send instantly for her, and—then his courage failed. He would learn something of her mood before venturing upon so dangerous a subject, and passed a day of torture until twilight, when he heard her softly touching the keys of the piano. That, he thought, was his opportunity.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, turning round and noticing him.

"You here?"

"I was attracted by the music."

"What is the matter? You are not looking well."

"I am in body, Erie, but sorely troubled in mind."

"Anything new?" she questioned with indifference, and still running her fingers over the keys.

"Yes; and I came to ask you about it, for it concerns your honor even more than mine."

"My honor, sir? Who dare lisp a word against it?"

"Be patient a moment until I explain," and he blundered through the same story he had told to the old physician.

"You saw Dr. Markman kiss me?" she asked, with with every muscle quivering, but showing none of the violent passion he had expected.

"I certainly did."

"I remember fainting—remember that he assisted in my restoration," she replied musingly; "but you must have been mistaken. If he had touched his lips to mine, I would certainly have known it."

Her coolness when he was expecting a whirlwind of wrath astonished and perplexed him, but it also gave him strength, and he continued more resolutely:

"There is no use in your attempting to deny the charge, and I ——"

"Would dare to assert that your wife sanctioned the action?"

"You have at least given him sufficient encouragement to take that liberty, and ——"

"More! Why do you hesitate to say what is passing in your mind?"

"Even the servants must have noticed your receiving him so often and at all hours."

"Ah, but you are confident he kissed me when I was insensible?"

"He kissed you as warmly as any accepted lover could have done—that I know. Whether you were aware of the act, you alone can tell."

"But, I repeat, you think so?"

"If you force me to speak the truth—yes."

"And you calmly submitted to the indignity?"

That was turning the subject in a manner he did not fancy—was taking him at a disadvantage—and he retorted with more of spirit than he had ever shewn before:

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information relied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

A. S. C., Binghamton.—1. See answer to "Bilvis." 2. The fact that a reporter, or even anybody else, got up and announced, before the game began, that all bets were binding, was, perhaps, the only circumstance that suggested to many minds that there was good reason for believing that no bet on that match *ought* to be binding. Bets on a billiard-match either stand upon the facts of the case, or are off upon the facts of the case, and no declaration of "off" or "on" is required by sporting people. It is only necessary to *make the facts public*; and, had it been announced that Gillette and Effer were going to play a match for $200, instead of one for $400, and that they would play it upon a dough cushion, instead of that stipulated in the articles of agreement, outside bets would have been invalidated as effectually as if the players had agreed suddenly to play 500 up, instead of 600, and on Saturday, instead of on Wednesday. The reason of this is that Gillette might be able to play better on a dough cushion than Effer, or Effer might be able to bear up well enough under a $200 stake, while he would stagger under a load of $400. 3. The lawyer is right, so far as he goes. The players or their backers could have modified their contract, or have published it whether they entered into a new one. They could even have agreed on that Wednesday night to play this match on a barndoor, with broom-handles for cues, and a ten-cent stamp for the main stake; but they could not have carried the bets of other parties, predicated upon the original contract, into their new arrangement. 4. Many of those who, not considering of the facts, and unaware that they had no chance to win if nonpayment were resisted in case Effer had beaten Gillette, unhesitatingly paid their bets, will probably never see their money again. All this injustice would have been obviated if the players or their managers had announced the true state of the case, adding, for the information of the nonsporting class, that it is a leading principle of sporting law that a change of terms annuls outside bets.

R. A. S., Phila.—1. The practical product of twenty-five cents multiplied by twenty-five cents is $6.25. 2. The question was neither seriously submitted nor seriously answered, being designed as a burlesque upon the theory that dollars cannot be multiplied by dollars alone, nor cents by cents alone. It is as plain that the product of two cents multiplied by two cents is four cents, as that two barrels of potatoes added (addition is really multiplication) to two other barrels of potatoes are not simply four, nor four barrels, but four barrels of potatoes. That would not be the product, however, if two of the barrels contained potatoes and the other two apples; and hence the burlesqued theory is correct enough as applied to the multiplication of such articles as those terms as ten dollars ten cents and five mills, or to pounds, shillings and pence. 3. The key to the answer is that the original question was "fifty cents by fifty cents," and as the practical product of half (2,500 cents) is $25, the practical product of half that number of cents multiplied by itself would *seem* to be half that number of dollars, viz., $12.50. The latter theory has been generally accepted, you being the first to question it, and has afford an opening for an explanation. 4. If you will look at the original answer to "Wonder," you will find this significant addition, that the *true* problem is to find the product of "twenty-five cents multiplied by twenty-five apples"—as impossible as to prove that 1,250 is the product of 25 multiplied by 25.

BLIVIN, Binghamton.—All pools and bets on a match for $400 a side, between Byron Gillette and Charles Effler, are off. Sufficient time was made, much less than up to which was the duty of those players, after having advertised a match for $400, to announce, before they elected to play for the forfeit-money only, that the original match had fallen through, and that substantially a new one, for $100 a side, had been made. This announcement, although not at all necessary to vitiate outside bets, would have been valuable to backers to renew their wagers with special reference to the $200 game. Those who so renewed them would have been held by the result of the game played, while those who did not so renew, or who, being present, did not wish to renew their wagers, could have neither won nor lost. This was a peculiar affair. There was no match for $400. Gillette was not at all bound to the cushion allowed by the articles. We can see how these men could have played their $40 match, and on a Delaney cushion—the very one they wished—and yet outside bets would have do not have been binding even then, although perhaps no better in Rochester would have bethought himself as to how the bets were should have been declared off.

P. O'R., Woonsocket.—The once famous song of "The Exile of Erin" was written in 1800 by a native of Glasgow, Scotland, the British poet Thomas Campbell, who, while sojourning in Germany, became the familiar associate of a number of Irish refugees exiled for their participation in the revolution of '98. Sympathizing with them, he made one of their number, Anthony MacCann, the hero of his verse in consequence of meeting him on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and penniless, an incident that inspired his muse with the burning lines of the song, which was often sung on the banks of the German water by the little band of Irish patriots. Thirty-seven years afterwards he was accused of having carried off the credit of composing it from an Irishman named Nugent, then deceased, who during his life had made no claim to the authorship. The public printed the letter of Robert Emmet's kept up the controversy; but Campbell offering evidence that disproved the accusation, the calumny was generally disbelieved in Ireland. After the poet's death in 1844 the charge was revived, but incontrovertible proofs thoroughly established his claim to the authorship.

WHALL, New Orleans.—"A was at the bat, B was on first, C was on second; A batted a fly to short stop, who missed it, and then picked up the ball and threw it to second, who threw it to third. C, who was on second base, did not move off his base. The umpire decided both B and C out. We gave in that B was forced out on second, but C, as he did not move off his base, should not. The umpire decided both out. How is it?".....The hit made by A forced B to second, and consequently C was not entitled to hold second base until B was put out, which he was entitled to hold at second base until the ball was forced off the base-player. But the moment the ball was so held, that moment C had a right to hold the second base. The point to have played was for the base-player to have thrown to first while standing on second base, and then have held the ball and touched second base. As he did not do this, he must have thrown the ball to third base, or was out.

ENQUIRER, Windsor.—1. That bet would be a draw—made so by a special law of the turf. But, again, if the horses were entered in the race, and one or more ran to or behind the horses, and who cannot positively say which has won the heat, should bet that one of the horses has won it, and the judges afterwards decide that that horse did win it, the man who proposed the bet would lose, notwithstanding the other bettor may have meant that the other horse had won. This is turf law also. Now, unless he makes express provision for a dead heat, the accepting bettor is to be assumed to take the converse of the proposition as much in one case as in the other. And yet turf law, for a wise purpose, of its own, makes a distinction between the two. 2. The man loses who failed to throw more scores than the other. The law of handicapping is the.

A. B. F.—1. The billiard presentation to Nell Bryant occurred at Chris. O'Connor's rooms, this city, on Nov. 25, 1863. 2. The match between Seereiter and Foster and Foster fell through. It was to have been played on March 24, 1864. 3. Michael Phelan White died about Oct. 31, 1872. He was the son of a billiard-player, but was a player himself. Dudley Walsh, Rudolphe, John Deery, Carille and Joseph Dion, and Ralph Benjamin are the only Eastern players of any prominence, save Michael Phelan, who have been in San Francisco. Chris. O'Connor and George E. Phelan have both been in business there.

DUCAT, Pittsburg.—1. All the players named are first-class, except the last. 2. Bessenger is an A second-rate player. 3. There are several better players, aside from the eight you have named. 4. Bessinger has defeated Ubassy twice, by a score of 600 to 488 and 600 to 485, an average of 7.15.55, and the second time by a score of 600 to 488 and an average of 5.30.54. In the first game Ubassy gave the odds of discount, and in the second he won 600 out of the 600. At the odds of 200 in 600, and 300 in 800, Ubassy defeated Bessunger by the respective actual scores of 600 to 272 and 600 to 389.

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W. L. F.—Take prepared Krench chalk, which you can buy at any druggists, and rub a quantity of it on a piece of soft leather; then rub the face with the leather. The most red whiteness is obtained. Paint the lips red with Ghia see vermilion and the eyebrows with India ink, and make a slight dimple in the cheek (using the two latter with a camel's-hair pencil.

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J. T. C., Bournanville.—There is no record of a faster mile-run than 1:42¾. It is immaterial on the English turf whether a horse goes a mile in ten seconds or in ten minutes, so long as he wins. There is no timing there, except occasionally by newspaper representatives, and they do not agree.

RIGG, Des Moines.—The cards falling 9, 5, 4, 6, 3, and 4, the player of the 6 gets a run of three, the player of the 3 a run of four, and the player of the last 4 counts for the 31, but for nothing else.

AMERICUS, Detroit.—1. It can be cured, if the system is not too prostrated. 2. We cannot undertake to recommend physicians, nor can we fix their standing. 3. A pair always counts. 4. There is no license required for such a business, but there is a special tax on capital.

STUFFY MCGULLIGAN.—1. There are several of that name in the directory, and we fancy that the young lady is "fooling" you. 2. It will not hurt to breed father and daughter, but it is better to breed brother and sister, if you have a stag from the cow.

J. C., Grand Rapids.—The gentleman can scarcely be so old as that; but we hope that both of you will concede that it would be improper for us to make a practice of deciding bets as to the ages of living individuals. Besides, it is difficult to ascertain the exact age. Draw the bet.

C. R., Lexington.—The following papers are published in Wheeling, W. Va.: *Der Arbeiter Freund*, *The Sunday News*, *The Daily Intelligencer*, *The Semi-Weekly Intelligencer*, *The Weekly Intelligencer*, *The Register*, *The Tri-Weekly Register*, *The Weekly Register*.

G. W. H., Phila.—1. The first battle between Tom Sayers and Bill Benjamin occupied 6¾min., 3 rounds being fought. The second was finished in 22 min. 14 rounds. The number of rounds contested being 11. 2. Benjamin was born about eight miles from Northleach.

MARION.—1. W. B. Curtis is credited with having lifted 3,300lb., with harness, and 1,230lb. without, but we believe that neither lift was made in public, under circumstances which would constitute a record. 2. Not that we are aware of.

M. J. O., Poughkeepsie.—The clubs were named in last week's CLIPPER as follows: Athletic, Atlantic, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Harvard, Hartford, New Haven, Philadelphia, Red Stockings, St. Louis, Western and Washington.

G. B. W.—1. We did not make out the averages this season. 2. Sweasy's play with the Atlantics was up to his old high mark. 3. Yes. 4. Yes. 5. We know nothing of that. 6. Yes, by writing to Robert C. De Witt, 33 Rose street, New York.

R. A. S., Phila.—1. The practical product of twenty-five cents multiplied by twenty-five cents is $6.25. 2. The question was neither seriously submitted nor seriously answered, being designed as a burlesque upon the theory that dollars cannot be multiplied by dollars alone, nor cents by cents alone. It is as plain that the product of two cents multiplied by two cents is four cents, as that two barrels of potatoes added (addition is really multiplication) to two other barrels of potatoes are not simply four, nor four barrels, but four barrels of potatoes. That would not be the product, however, if two of the barrels contained potatoes and the other two apples; and hence the burlesqued theory is correct enough as applied to the multiplication of such articles as those terms as ten dollars ten cents and five mills, or to pounds, shillings and pence. 3. The key to the answer is that the original question was "fifty cents by fifty cents," and as the practical product of half (2,500 cents) is $25, the practical product of half that number of cents multiplied by itself would *seem* to be half that number of dollars, viz., $12.50. The latter theory has been generally accepted, you being the first to question it, and has afford an opening for an explanation. 4. If you will look at the original answer to "Wonder," you will find this significant addition, that the *true* problem is to find the product of "twenty-five cents multiplied by twenty-five apples"—as impossible as to prove that 1,250 is the product of 25 multiplied by 25.

BLIVIN, Binghamton.—All pools and bets on a match for $400 a side, between Byron Gillette and Charles Effler, are off. Sufficient time was made, much less than up to which was the duty of those players, after having advertised a match for $400, to announce, before they elected to play for the forfeit-money only, that the original match had fallen through, and that substantially a new one, for $100 a side, had been made. This announcement, although not at all necessary to vitiate outside bets, would have been valuable to backers to renew their wagers with special reference to the $200 game. Those who so renewed them would have been held by the result of the game played, while those who did not so renew, or who, being present, did not wish to renew their wagers, could have neither won nor lost. This was a peculiar affair. There was no match for $400. Gillette was not at all bound to the cushion allowed by the articles. We can see how these men could have played their $40 match, and on a Delaney cushion—the very one they wished—and yet outside bets would have do not have been binding even then, although perhaps no better in Rochester would have bethought himself as to how the bets were should have been declared off.

P. O'R., Woonsocket.—The once famous song of "The Exile of Erin" was written in 1800 by a native of Glasgow, Scotland, the British poet Thomas Campbell, who, while sojourning in Germany, became the familiar associate of a number of Irish refugees exiled for their participation in the revolution of '98. Sympathizing with them, he made one of their number, Anthony MacCann, the hero of his verse in consequence of meeting him on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and penniless, an incident that inspired his muse with the burning lines of the song, which was often sung on the banks of the German water by the little band of Irish patriots. Thirty-seven years afterwards he was accused of having carried off the credit of composing it from an Irishman named Nugent, then deceased, who during his life had made no claim to the authorship. The public printed the letter of Robert Emmet's kept up the controversy; but Campbell offering evidence that disproved the accusation, the calumny was generally disbelieved in Ireland. After the poet's death in 1844 the charge was revived, but incontrovertible proofs thoroughly established his claim to the authorship.

WHALL, New Orleans.—"A was at the bat, B was on first, C was on second; A batted a fly to short stop, who missed it, and then picked up the ball and threw it to second, who threw it to third. C, who was on second base, did not move off his base. The umpire decided both B and C out. We gave in that B was forced out on second, but C, as he did not move off his base, should not. The umpire decided both out. How is it?".....The hit made by A forced B to second, and consequently C was not entitled to hold second base until B was put out, which he was entitled to hold at second base until the ball was forced off the base-player. But the moment the ball was so held, that moment C had a right to hold the second base. The point to have played was for the base-player to have thrown to first while standing on second base, and then have held the ball and touched second base. As he did not do this, he must have thrown the ball to third base, or was out.

ENQUIRER, Windsor.—1. That bet would be a draw—made so by a special law of the turf. But, again, if the horses were entered in the race, and one or more ran to or behind the horses, and who cannot positively say which has won the heat, should bet that one of the horses has won it, and the judges afterwards decide that that horse did win it, the man who proposed the bet would lose, notwithstanding the other bettor may have meant that the other horse had won. This is turf law also. Now, unless he makes express provision for a dead heat, the accepting bettor is to be assumed to take the converse of the proposition as much in one case as in the other. And yet turf law, for a wise purpose, of its own, makes a distinction between the two. 2. The man loses who failed to throw more scores than the other. The law of handicapping is the.

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SUBSCRIBER, Yonkers.—A having called "sevens," B could not build the pile to any denomination.

W. S., Heston.—The umbrella not having been expressly left in your charge, you were not responsible for it.

G. W., Pittsburg.—Jack is high in cutting for deal at euchre.

EYRE, Harrisburg.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC as to Flora Temple.

GEORGE O. PALMER, New Orleans.—Cannot furnish it, no such work being in existence.

SNOOKS, St. Louis.—No; the proprietors of the paper pay him a certain amount of money for the use of his name.

MARPHIA.—She is not married to the person you name. We cannot state their relations to each other here.

A. H. AND C. J. S.—London, Eng., has the largest population.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Washington.—We never heard of its having been published in pamphlet form.

ST. JOE.—The three aces win. The "three of a suit" are not a flush.

CARL, Laurence.—The remains of John Wilkes Booth now lie in Bellair Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.

LOWELL.—Dooney Harris has for some months past been residing in Boston, Mass. It was doubtless him.

L. M. H., Toledo.—The name attached to the verses is O. Romulus Rees, which is a nom *de plume*.

J. R., Fort Wayne.—You will see striking machines advertised on the last page of this issue.

EXILE, Camden.—It is a matter of opinion. 2. You will see the number of passengers landed in the daily papers.

POSTMAN, Hartford.—The first overland mail from California was received at St. Louis, Mo., on Oct. 9, 1858.

J. F.—Edward S. Stokes was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

READER, Hartford.—No such act has ever become a law in this State, in this country.

A. B. C.—She has employed so many different ones in this city, that we cannot spare space to publish the list.

PYTHIAS, Erie.—1. Nearly 28 years of age. 2. About 9 years. 3. No. 4. No.

BLANCHE, Columbus.—We never heard of a person of that name being a member of that company.

URSULA, Shannon, Miller & Crane, No. 46 Maiden lane, this city, can supply you.

ROZ, Draw-poker.—A flush of diamonds is no better, all other things being equal, than a flush of spades. 4. Loses.

W. T. AND V. R., Cobleskill.—He can take in another trick before lifting his build or combination.

SOUTH BOSTON.—1. The Duke d'Aumale was assassinated on Jan. 6, 1872, and died on the following morning.

J. B., Owego.—Shafts are included in weighing a trotting-skeleton.

W. H. V., Cleveland.—We cannot say where the first-named person is. The other two are in this city.

E. V. M., Fort Perry.—We cannot; but a letter addressed in care of this office should reach him.

ALEX, Chicago.—Dan cannot count the pocketed ball, and it is to be spotted.

FRED L., Loudon Village.—It will be reserved for our circus number.

G. G., Buffalo.—It is so similar to others that we omit it. Try again.

C. E. O., Dover.—If the opposition candidate has a majority of more than 150, the Democratic candidate will lose.

JAS. MCG.—Young Donnelly was hanged in New Jersey Jan. 5, 1858.

TOOTS.—Have written for the information, and will reply next week.

CONSTANT READER, Bridesburg.—Mike McCoole was born at Ballinasloe, Ireland, March 4, 1847.

BILLY HOMER, Quincy.—Our thanks are tendered for the memento.

J. V., Old City.—They are not on sale: but only rented under certain conditions and in large quantities.

G. F. R.—1. We cannot say, as no special record was kept. 2. White is so considered.

F. D., Gallipolis.—Same as last year, except Hall. 2. Do not know.

EMPIRE OF CLAYVILLE.—Send us your scores properly made out in full, and we will publish them.

ANNIONS, St. Louis.—The St. Louis professional club will not play Sunday matches.

H. H., Indianapolis.—1. From $20 per week upward. 2. Rather difficult.

R. R. W.—1. Purchase an instruction book for the banjo. 2. See answer to S. D.

F. J. S., Boston.—The accident you name would prevent you meeting with success.

CONSTANT READER.—1. She appeared in burlesque at Holley's Museum and Metropolitan Theatre. 2. It is the same person, AMERICUS."—We know of nothing that will prevent it from growing.

H. H. H., Boston, M.—1. All jurors are paid. 2. Service in the U. S. Army does not exempt from jury duty.

A DISPUTE, St. Louis.—His partner having made the running, B is debarred from playing after A's hand was filled.

J. F. E., Detroit.—It was declined, something in a similar strain having been published some time ago.

H. L., Opelousas.—We cannot say. Have advertised your letter.

BELL BROTHERS, Albany.—Show some manager what you can do, and get his opinion.

C. D. B., Boston.—He can compel A to take in his tens.

C. H. P., Boston.—They shall have early appearance.

J. B., Owego.—It will be published at an early date.

G. H. B., Boston.—Will be in the same car, probably.

A. G., Monticello.—Now performing in England.

W. H. C. & Co.—John Gilbert acted the character.

READER, Hartford.—We have no copy per cent.

J. E. P., Pittsburg.—We do not require it of you.

WYOMING, Scranton.—She is the identical person.

W. E., Providence.—Thank you for the old dimer.

T. M. M., Boston.—Yes; that John Bull will be used.

R. MCK.—Your mother-in-law will be shown up.

C. F. SWEET, Catawissa.—No authentic record.

J. M., Boston.—Look at Jr. sure.

S. W., Philadelphia.—Write to Dan Castello.

SUFFERER.—Consult a respectable physician.

R. N. Woodstock, England.—Has the address.

K. V., Grand Rapids.—The same to you.

E. E. M., Baltimore.—$45 and the clogs.

J. H. G., Brooklyn.—Nothing in the book.

H. W. D.—He loses $15 and the boots.

R. E., Montreal.—It lacks freshness.

M. M.—1. Hicks. 2. We cannot say.

HARTFORD.—One hundred and 142½.

F. J. A.—It is filed for examination.

HARTFORD.—Not in the least.

F. L. R., Columbia.—Cannot.

CAUTION.—In these days of distress and poverty and going down the hill, it may be well for us to be cautious, and this induces us to inquire as to the status of caution. We find it to be a quality which enables a man to abstain from "seeking a bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth"—a very dangerous locality in time of action; which prevents a man from being rashly charitable, and bestowing his "all" upon his fellow-creatures to his own pecuniary prejudice, thus forcing him to seek the almshouse, at a cost to the community at large; which prevents the parson from giving expression to peculiar views which may run in contrary channels from those in which run the views of his most prominent parishioners, which would endanger his position, and "impair his usefulness," which he has no moral right to do; which prevents the merchant from paying "exorbitant salaries" to his clerks and salesmen, thereby depleting his exchequer for their benefit; which prevents the same merchant, when insolvent, from paying seventy-five cents on a dollar of his indebtedness, thereby rendering himself a pauper, when he can just as well settle for one third of that amount, and leave himself in comfortable circumstances, which he is morally bound to do, and not throw himself a burden upon his friends, or the community of which he is a member; in short, that quality which enables a man to "abstain" from doing a thousand and one things which "true inwardness" would prompt him to do, but which might result to *his* pecuniary disadvantage, physical inconvenience, or mental anxiety, were it not for the "bump of caution," very largely developed in many persons.

W. M. T.

It is no *joke*, and yet he is
The victim of a cell;
He sadly thinks of mighty wards
He ruled when "all was well,"
And when he would *expostulate*
An echo comes: *Ez-too-too-late !"*

THE KITE-FLYER, Sam. Wilkeson, may be set down as a successful witness in the trial of Tilton. He narrated some little incidents that must have grated harshly on the ears of Theodore, who bore the infliction with fill-concealed disgust. A few more witnesses like Samuel, and Tilton's conviction would be rendered immorally certain. Mr. Fullerton hauled off for repairs toward the close of the week, but Jeffrey the juror held his own and stuck it out, although he was somewhat weak on his pins; his head troubled him slightly, but we were glad that he hadn't *ver-ti-go* when the court adjourned. Beecher "came up smiling," like a rejuvenated prize-fighter. and Evarts makes a better second than Dooney Harris would make in a contest of this kind. The reference bears up nobly under the infliction, and when he tells the belligerents to "go on," that their claim of foul is not allowed, you would be willing to affirm that he had been there before, and that he was an old ring-goer. The sports are, as usual, around in spots, gobbling up whatever offers in the shape of "sure things." Should the jury be in prime condition this week, the contest will doubtless be quite lively.

The New King.

Alfonso, philosophic youth,
Expects no quiet reign,
But takes with equal fortitude
His pleasure and *his Spain !*

POCKET KNIVES.—If you wish to find out how scarce these instruments are, lose your own and attempt to borrow one. We "tried it on" the other night, and "interviewed" five compositors, three editors, four reporters, two pressmen, one "feeder" [No, James; he was not that kind of a feeder], one publisher, one barkeeper, two policemen and one apple-woman—twenty in all—and then "gave it up." Not one had a knife, else were all frightfully destitute of truthfulness and "inherent worthiness." We finally borrowed one of the "devil."

"WANTED, a woman to take care of a first-class flat," is what the indignant James read in a daily paper last week. He thinks that if the ad. were reversed it would better show the wants of the community.

THAT CITIZEN of *Reading*, Pa., who accumulated a large number of *goats* last year under the impression that *Reading goats* would be in demand, was sadly disappointed.

THREADBARE suits of Tweed are the ex-Boss's ineffectual efforts to escape from durance vile.

The "What-Is-It ?"

Among the Quakers, "scandal suits"
No dainty ear offends;
Of course there *are* no difference be
Where *all* are "Mutual Friends."

A WRESTLING MATCH, which according to the bills was for five thousand dollars, came off at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, Saturday evening, March 6, between Mons. Bauer (who recently defeated Prof. Miller at the same place) and another athlete, described as Leopold Vanderwerken, a German, who is stated to have previously gained great renown as a wrestler in Europe and America, which is certainly news to us. The hall was crowded and a good deal of money was wagered on the result, the match being considered to be on the "dead level." The first round was decided in Bauer's favor after fifteen minutes' struggling, he lost the second at the end of three minutes, and the third was awarded him after six minutes' work. Wm. Shearer was judge for Vanderwerken, and H. Werwick for Bauer.

THE INTERNATIONAL QUOIT MATCH between Job Pearson of Philadelphia, who claims the title of champion of America, and George Graham of London, the English champion, has been arranged, we learn. It is for £300 a side, and is to be played in London, May 24, Pearson having allowed £40 for expenses; number of shots 81; distance 18 yards; stiff-sticking clay soil. On the event of not agreeing upon a referee, the editor of *Bell's Life*, who is appointed final stakeholder, will name some person to officiate in that capacity

fired him this Winter, feels confident he will now be all right in his new line of business across country.

The expulsion from all trotting tracks in America belonging to the National Association of James L. Eoff of San Francisco, Cal., by order of the Bay District Fair Grounds Association of that city, for vile and abusive language to the clerk of the course, has been endorsed and published by the Board of Appeals. A trotting match for $100 a side came off at Norwich, Ct., last week, between the c. m. Lady Tilton and the b. g. Hambletonian, four miles and a half, to heavy wagons, the former winning in 18 min.

Joseph Clemme of Douglassville, Berks County, Pa., has a five-year-old colt of the Ironsides stock which he offers to match to trot 100 miles in twelve consecutive hours.

A Grange in Fulton County, Ky., has appointed a committee whose duties are to pursue all horse thieves in their bailliwick and bring them to punishment: their expenses are paid by the Grange.

In consequence of the Spring meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club being held during the week extending from April 3 to 10, and as many horses have engagements in the stakes there as well as in the stakes of the Galveston, Tex., Jockey Club Spring meeting, the latter have postponed their meeting one week, and it will commence on April 20, instead of April 13, as heretofore announced.

Mr. C. H. Andrews of Youngstown, Ohio, has sold to Mr. Thomas Wallace of New York the young trotting-horse Joe, by Dave Hill, for $3,500.

OCCIDENT COMING EAST.—It is now definitely determined that the renowned California trotting champion, Occident will leave San Francisco for the East, in charge of his trainer, Budd Doble, on April 1. For two months past Occident has had a prolonged rest, being merely jogged for exercise; and, although he has gained considerably in strength, he has not become too fleshy, and his feet are in splendid condition. During the coming campaign in the East he will enter against the crack Eastern flyers, and will again measure speed with his old opponent of the Pacific Slope, Goldsmith Maid. He will probably be accompanied East by St. James, the horse that Budd Doble took out to the Pacific Slope last year. The reason Occident comes East so early is to get him acclimated and prepare him for the Spring meetings, which commence in June. It is intended that the horse shall return to California in the Fall, to participate in some of the races before the season closes.

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING.—The Spring Meeting of the club commences April 3. The rainy weather has been greatly against the trainers, for the latter have not, in consequence, been able to gallop their horses to any extent. The stables now at the course are those of Mr. C. T. Howard, comprising five horses: George A. Rice's string of Stampede, Vortex and Volcano; E. Harrison's lot of six, including Falmouth and Sweet Bay; Welsh, with Lloyd's string of six; and Dr. Weldon, with the same number.

THE EAST SAGINAW (Mich.) Driving Park Association at the January business meeting elected the following board of directors: W. J. Bartow, Charles H. Smith, Joshua Tutt, Jr., A. F. Brewer, John Welch, C. L. Lull and C. S. Draper. Bartow was chosen president, Smith secretary, and Tuthill treasurer. The next races will be held June 22, 23, 24, 25; premiums not less than $15,000.

BASEBALL.

UMPIRING UNDER THE NEW RULES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Every season's changes in the playing rules of the game gradually but surely lessen the responsibility of the umpire and improve his position. This season his duties in the hitherto difficult matter of deciding on strikes and called balls will be comparatively simple; but, simple as the rules may be, experience has shown the necessity of making their interpretation so plain that he who runs may read. For this purpose, therefore, we proceed to comment on the duties of the umpire under the reading of the newly amended rules of 1875. First, in regard to

THE CALLING OF BALLS AND STRIKES,

the only punishment that can now be inflicted on the pitcher for the wide delivery of the ball by or to be had is to call balls on him. The term "balls" is incorrect and inappropriate, that of "wides" being the proper definition. But some of the fraternity have a prejudice against the use of the word "wides" because it is used in cricket. At any rate, wides are now no longer called, and when a pitcher fails to send in fair balls, "balls" are to be called on him. They objected to the word "wide" too, on the ground that the call of the umpire made the word too much like "strike." But the call of "ball" sounds just as similar to the call of "foul," if not more so. But to the umpire's duties under the new rules. In the first place, he must remember that there are now but two classes of balls delivered by the pitcher, which are, first, fair balls, viz., balls pitched over the home plate and "high" or "low," as called for by the striker; and, secondly, unfair balls, which include every ball not pitched over the plate "high" or "low," as the striker calls for. Last year the rules defined three classes of balls, viz., those fairly over the plate, those which were out of all fair reach of the bat—wides—and those which, though not fair exactly, were still within reach of the bat. Now there are but two classes of balls, viz. actually fair balls, and the reverse. The umpire will find it very easy when he takes his stand in a game, to settle in his mind what a fair ball is, inasmuch as the rules expressly confine him to a distinct and unmistakable definition:

Section 4 of Rule IV says: "*Every ball fairly delivered* (viz., intended by a foul hit, etc.) *not hit over the line, and at the height called for by the batsman, shall be considered a fair ball.*"

This defines fair balls; and unfair balls are all balls which are not sent in as above described. This simplifies matters considerably, and the umpire should therefore have no difficulty in defining an unfair ball. Having done this, the next thing he has to consider is, How am I to call these unfair balls? And the following section of the rules gives him the required instruction pretty plainly, as we read it:

Section 6 of Rule IV says: "All balls delivered to the bat which are not sent in over the home base, and at the height called for by the batsman, *shall be called in the order of every third ball thus unfairly delivered*," etc.

Here, then, are the two classes of balls defined as clearly as they can be; and under these two rules no umpire, howsoever dull of apprehension, can readily err in his interpretation of their reading. But let us see how they are practically carried out. We will suppose the umpire to be in his position and the striker in his, ready to receive the first ball. The umpire first asks the striker whether he wants a "high" or a "low" ball, and he must then instruct the pitcher to deliver the ball "high" or "low," accordingly. Should the striker, however, fail to designate the height of the ball, the umpire must then (see the section of the rules under the heading of "Failing to Call") regard each ball as fair which is sent in over the home-base, and not lower than a foot from the ground nor higher than the striker's shoulder.

Suppose the first ball sent in is wide of the base, the second goes over the batman's position, and the third over the base, but not as called for: in such case the umpire calls "one ball," as three *unfair* balls have been delivered—the first ball is not now excepted, but has to be counted like the rest. Suppose, in continuation, that the fourth and fifth balls are equally unfair, and the sixth is at the height called for, but not over the base, though pretty near: in such case the umpire calls "two balls" must be called; and if three more unfair balls are sent in, "three balls" must be called and the striker sent to his base. It will thus be seen that the rule does not admit of the striker having a base given him on called balls until nine unfair balls have been sent in. Last season the striker could be sent to his base on three wide balls in succession, or on four balls, including the first delivered, were they consecutive. Now he cannot take a base on called balls until nine unfair balls have been delivered. The order of calling is plain. It is every third ball. The pitcher, therefore, can under this new rule send in in succession no less than nine balls out of possible reach before the striker can have his base given him on called balls. And yet, on the other hand, if he sends in three balls in succession over the homeplate and high or low as called for, and the batsman fails to hit at any one of such balls, the striker can be given out on three successive called strikes; indeed, he must be given out, or else umpire violates the rules. This, it will be seen, is rather one-sided. Every second ball would have answered the purpose well enough and been more equitable. But the rule is as we have stated it, and it must be abided by, or the umpire who violates the rule renders himself ineligible to act in the position.

HARRY WRIGHT.

It appears that our comments on the Judiciary Committee's report is regarded as unjust by the captain of the Boston team, who also took umbrage at our reference to his action in regard to the rules. Commenting on the Force case, Mr. Wright says:

In regard to the decision of the Force case, you say the Chicago Club "had no right to antedate a contract, and the penalty of their doing so in this case is the loss of Force's services." I agree with you that it may be not so much of a loss—in fact, may be their gain. In the first place, is Force not under a legal contract to the Chicago, expiring the 15th of this month? And, if so, how can the contract the Athletic Club claim to have, signed Dec. 5, and under which they claim his services for for 1875, be legal? Does Force not render himself subject to fine or expulsion by signing such contract before the 15th inst.? Does not Force's contract that he may make with the Chicago Club for 1875, before the expiration of his contract for 1874, take precedence over any contract he may have made with any club previously to the 15th inst.? On what grounds do you claim that Force's contract with the Chicago Club for 1875 is invalidated, because antedated, when it was not done for a fraudulent purpose? Is not a contract legal that is entered into and witnessed by the officers of a club on a certain date, but is not signed by the player for one or two days, or two weeks afterwards? If not, then few contracts are legally binding. Suppose the Bostons draw up a contract, sign and date it, forward it to New York or the West for a certain player to sign, which he does a week or a longer time after date, is not that player bound to the Boston club and player? Why is Force's case different? Five as competent gentlemen as there are in the Association have decided that his—Force's—contract with the Athletic Club is the only legal contract under which he can play this season. Is it right, is it justice to the clubs, members of the Association, that the Athletic Club should seek to reverse such a decision because it does not meet their views? Does his case show that clubs have been acted upon or brought before the convention or "it," but was it not much better for both clubs that it should be, and so determine who should or should not be players legally entitled to his services for the season?

How long will the National Association exist if clubs composing it violate its laws with impunity whenever they conflict with their special interests? What is the use of an association if clubs refuse to abide by or be governed by their own constitution, by-laws and code of rules? It is the latter we desire to support, and not any particular club or player.

Referring to our remarks on his prosecuting the amended rules, he says:

I had no idea that I was so very ignorant until reading the comments of THE CLIPPER on that part I took in the proceedings at the meeting in Philadelphia. I was vain enough to consider myself thoroughly conversant with the "practical working" of the rule in the game of baseball, and that my many years' experience warranted me in thinking so; but, having presumed too much, I thank THE CLIPPER for recalling me to my senses.

Nothing was said in the report in question at all respecting on Mr. Wright's practical knowledge of the rules of play, or in regard to his ignorance of any point in baseball; for we well know him to be about the best-posted man in the fraternity. All we did refer to were the novelty of the position he was placed in, and his inability, as a matter of course, to make a failure was remarked by all, and it was nothing to be ashamed of, either, as few can be successful under such circumstances. His arguments on the Force case are untenable. No antedated contract can be legal.

BALTIMORE CLUB AFFAIRS.

The following from *The Baltimore Sun* will be read with interest by the professionals whom it specially concerns:

THE BALTIMORE BASEBALL CLUB—BILL IN EQUITY TO WIND UP ITS AFFAIRS.—A bill of complaint was filed on March 6 in the Circuit Court of Baltimore to wind up the affairs of the Baltimore Baseball Company. Robert C. Hall, John W. Hall, trading as Hall Brothers & Co., Robert C. Hall in his own right, W. J. Davis, W. Stuart Symington, A. K. Fulton and John K. Sears filed the bill of complaint, stating that in September, 1874, they, with others, formed a joint-stock company, called the Baltimore Baseball Club, for the purpose of hiring experts in the game of baseball, and to play the game of baseball in order to derive profit from entrance fees to see the games. R. C. Hall and Messrs. Symington, Fulton and Sears were directors, and J. Davison was treasurer. The capital stock was divided into shares of $25 each par value. The names of the other subscribers to the stock are then given and it is stated in the bill the operations of the company were carried on during the Summer and Fall of 1873, but were not successful, and the company became indebted in considerable sums to the players whom they employed, to the proprietors of the grounds and other persons. The complainants say they have advanced nearly $10,000 at various times for the company, and have not been repaid. They have also been sued as officers of the company by five of the players for their salaries, namely, William H. Craver, Thos. Carey, Thomas York, John Radcliff and Scott Hastings, and by George H. Houck for rent of the baseball grounds. They say that the company is insolvent; that, owing to the large number of stockholders, it is impossible to get any unanimity or concert of action, and they ask that the statement of an account may be ordered by the Court, that the partnership may be wound up and dissolved, that such of the stockholders as have not paid may be compelled to pay their subscriptions, and that the players who have sued them may be restrained by injunction from prosecuting their suits at law. There are about one hundred and fifty subscribers to the stock named in the bill, for whom subpœnas were issued for the Sheriff to summon them, and when the paper with all their names was handed to that officer he at first took it for a petition which somebody wanted him to sign.

A PROTEST FROM THE ATHLETICS.

The Judiciary Committee of 1874 get it hot and heavy from the Athletics, as will be seen by the action of the club at a recent meeting, at which the appended resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The action of the Judiciary Committee of 1874, in trying the case of D. W. Force, was in direct violation of Rule 4th, Section 4th, which reads as follows:

"No charge of violating the rules of the Professional Association shall be adjudicated upon by either the Judiciary or the Championship Committee of the said Association, unless the same shall have been presented in writing to the Judiciary Committee on or before Nov. 15 of the championship season."

And whereas, Notwithstanding their violation of the above rule, their decision in the case after trial (which was conducted on our part under protest) was fraught with great danger to the existence of the game, inasmuch as they decided that a contract, dated September 18, and which was proven beyond doubt not to have been signed until November 2, therefore being antedated forty-five days; it also having been proven by us, and admitted by the Chicago Club, that Mr. Hartbert, the witness to said contract, was in Chicago, and Mr. Force, the signer thereof, was in Hartford at the date of said contract, thus being twelve hundred miles apart. Therefore, be it

Resolved—That the action of said committee in deciding the above contract a legal one, is in direct violation of all the rules of the National Association, and establishes a precedent that not only justifies the said fraudulent contracts, but encourages players to break those they have already made, and that the action of said committee deserves the utmost censure of this club; and that the action of the Professional Association, in laying their report upon the table, entitles them to our heartiest thanks, and that the secretary is hereby instructed to forward to each delegate to the convention of 1875 a copy hereof.

Extract from the minutes.

Attest.—JOEL ZANE, Secretary.

THE AMATEURS IN COUNCIL.

The first convention of the Amateur National Association ever held in Boston took place on Wednesday, March 10, at the Revere House; and though the attendance was not large, it was sufficiently numerous and representative in its character to render its proceedings influential as the source of authoritative rules and regulations specially governing the amateur class of the fraternity. The meeting was called to order by President Lamb, assisted by Secretary Blodgett, who made an effective opening address, in which he alluded to the importance of baseball as a means of physical training, also of the high standard of the amateur clubs throughout the country. The secretary, Mr. C. W. Blodgett of the Arlington Club of New York, then read the roll of clubs forming the Association, and the following were found represented: Arlington of New York, Beacon of Boston, Bowdoin College of Brunswick, Me., Confidence of New Rochelle, N.Y., Chelsea of Chelsea, Mass., Equitable Life of New York, Flyaway of New York, Harvard of Cambridge, Mass., Hayward of Colchester, Ct., Junior College of Manhattan, N.Y., Kuklux Klan of Oneida Castle, N. Y., Providence, Jr., of Providence, R. I., Scranton of Scranton, Pa., Silver Star of New York, Sunnyside of Sing Sing, N.Y., T. B. F. U. S. of Bridgeport, Ct., Taunton of Taunton, Mass. The following clubs presented applications for membership, and several of them were represented at the Convention: Athlete of North New York, Grafton of Grafton, Boston Jr. of Boston, Penobscot of Framingham, Pilot Knob of Boston, Quickstep of Lowell, King Philip of Rockland, Mass., Star of Boston, Jr., Dakin of Troy, N.Y., Rose Hill of Waterbury, Ct., Androscoggin of Lewiston, Me., Metacomet of Taunton, Live Oak of Lynn, White Stocking of Burlington, Vt.

In the reports presented it was shown by the treasurer that the receipts during the past year were $92 and the expenditures $76.57, leaving a balance on hand, per report, $20; but since then, $4.05. The secretary in his report stated that the Association was composed of seventy-one clubs at the time of the last meeting. Since that time eight clubs have disbanded and one has resigned, so that the present number is sixty-two.

After the acceptance of the reports some discussion arose as to how to fix the meeting was to be considered as a special or the annual meeting. It appears that the meeting was called to transact the main business of the annual meeting, which, in this year, under the constitution, falls on St. Patrick's Day, and which would prevent the attendance of many delegates. To make all things correct, however, the convention finally re-elected the officers chosen last December, to hold office from that time forward, March, 1876, or until their successors are thereafter elected.

Mr. H. C. Darling of the Beacon Club of Boston, from the committee on rules, then presented the report to that committee. He presented a new constitution, or, rather, a revision of the old constitution, which was taken up section by section and adopted, the following changes being made: Section 2 was changed so as to read that "all meetings of the Association; the annual meeting to be held on the second Wednesday in March; annual dues and fees to be paid in advance at each annual meeting. It was voted to make this special meeting the annual meeting of the Association. After an adjournment of half an hour for dinner, Mr. Darling continued his report and read the playing rules as agreed upon by the committee, which, with a single exception are the same in effect as those recently adopted by the Professional Association. This exception was the rule relating to "called balls," which as adopted is as follows: "Should the player who fouls the ball to the bat fail to deliver to the striker fair balls he must continue to call one ball on each third unfair ball delivered, *and also on all balls hitting the striker within the lines of his position must be called*."

The words italicized are the amateur addition to the rule, and they conflict with the rule defining "called balls," which makes every ball striking the batsman's person, dead.—Ed.]

The rule prohibiting players from receiving any compensation for services provoked considerable discussion, but was finally adopted, with the proviso that clubs may pay the legitimate traveling expenses of its players. It was voted that in the future any player who shall play with any other club than that of which he is legally a member shall be debarred from the Association for the remainder of the season.

By this rule no player who takes part in a professional match can again play in an amateur nine during that season.

It was unanimously decided to give the exclusive right of printing the Amateurs' constitution and by-laws and playing rules of the Association to Messrs. Peck & Snyder, who will issue the work early in April. An election of officers resulted in the choice of the old board, Mr. C. Kelly of New York casting the ballot of the convention. It was voted that the next annual convention be held in Philadelphia. The Committee on Rules was instructed to confer with the same committee of the Professional Association before the next meeting of the latter, to secure, if possible, an exactly uniform code of rules. Thanks were tendered to the officers, including the Committee on Rules, and to Capt. Harry Wright, and the meeting then adjourned.

NOTES.—Treacy has joined the Centennials. This will strengthen their outfield.——Warren White has been wisely elected captain of the Chicagos. They could not have made a better selection, as Warren is an intelligent man, and such a one should always be the preference.——The statement that Barnie, the catcher of the Westerns, of Keokuk, had been married out there recently, turns out to be a hax. Barnie is still out in the cold, looking for the young lady who thinks him a "good catch" er.

RADCLIFFE NOT ENGAGED.—A letter from J. Y. Radcliffe says: "I see by your paper that I have joined the Elm City Club. This I would like you to correct, as I have not closed any club as yet."

MICHAEL LEWIS advertises for a position as change pitcher and left fielder with an amateur or senior club.

TRIGGER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING AT BABYLON, L. I.

The formal opening of the new shooting grounds of Ira A. Paine, at Babylon, L. I., took place on Saturday, March 13. There was a large assemblage of amateur sportsmen present, and nothwithstanding the northeast storm of cold wind and sleet that prevailed, the inauguration was a success. It was celebrated by a grand live-pigeon shooting contest for a Grant breech-loading gun, with a case and handsome appurtenances; the conditions being $25 entrance; money, Electrical Psychology, Magnetism, Dr. George Meigs on 7½oz. or shot; 80yds. boundary to the front, and 30yds. boundary to the rear; English rules to govern. There were twelve gentlemen entered, and as two of them took a second chance, the amount realized by the proprietor of the grounds for the gun was $350. The contestants, with the respective ranges at which they were handicapped were as follows: W. B. Ireland, 28yds.; rise; E. Stevenson, 25yds; C. Woodbury, 28yds; Benjamin F. Lockwood (two chances), 28yds.; A. Belmont Purdy, (two chances) 28yds.; Mr. Van Buren, 28yds.; Travers Van Buren, 27yds.; Dr. Talbot, 26yds.; A. Belmont Purdy, jr., C. Dubois Wagstaff, 26yds.; Joseph Foulke, 25yds.; and Capt. Sol Saxon, 26yds. Ira Paine acted as referee and furnished the birds, which flew quick and strong in the early part of the match, but became poor towards the close, owing to their being chilled by the cold, raw atmosphere. The prize was carried off by Mr. Travers Van Buren, who brought down 18 out of his 20 birds in magnificent style, killing 17 in succession. Mr. Lockwood was second best, scoring 14 out of 18, and in his second chance 12 out of 15. Capt. Sol. Saxon, an old veteran duck-shooter belonging to Babylon, came next with a score of 11 killed out of 15; there being an agreement among the contestants that when from his score any one of them had no chance of winning the prize, he should retire. We give the summary:

BABYLON, L. I., March 13, 1875.—Pigeon shooting handicap, open to all amateurs, for a new Grant 10 bore breech-loading gun and appointments; $25 entrance; 20 birds each, 1¼oz. shot, 80yds. boundary; English rules.

T. Van Buren, 27yds.—10011 11111 11111 11111—20; killed 18.
B. F. Lockwood, 28yds. (second chance)—11111 11111 11000 01010—18; killed 13.
B. F. Lockwood, 28yds. (first chance)—11001 10111 11111—15; killed 12.
E. Stevenson, 25yds.—10011 11011 11111—15; killed 12.
Sol. Saxon, 26yds.—01111 11111 1010—14, killed 11.
C. DuTalbot, 26yds.—11111 11010 01110—14; killed 10.
C. D. Wagstaff, 26yds.—10011 10111 111—13; killed 10.
M. Van Buren, 28yds.—10001 11001 1101—14; killed 8.
C. Woodbury, 28yds.—11011 11110 0—11; killed 8.
A. S. Post, 27yds.—11111 01011 01—11; killed 6.
J. Foulke, 25yds.—01111 0001—9; killed 5.
A. B. Purdy, 28yds (first chance)—10001 1010—9; killed 3.
A. Purdy, 28yds. (second chance)—11010 01010—10; killed 5.
W. B. Ireland, 28yds.—01000 110—8; killed 3.
Time of shooting, 2½h.

AQUATICS.

THE CHESTER BOAT CLUB (formerly the Friendship) of Boston, Mass., will put the following four on the water next season: James Peabody (bow), C. F. Doherty, James Doherty, E. F. Kelley (stroke). With the exception of Peabody this is the same crew which represented the club during the past three years. The seceding member of the old four, Mr. Powers, has gone to Cuba. Communications should be addressed to George Sprague, No. 53 Forest street, Boston Highlands.

A DOUBLE-SCULL RACE, for £100 a side, was rowed over the Thames Championship Course, Eng., Feb. 22, J. Cannon and J. Coxen of Kingston defeating J. Griffiths and W. H. Burgoine of Wandsworth in 22:55. The result was a surprise to the "talent," who had put their money freely on the Wandsworth men; but the latter, though physically the better pair, were ill-matched, and failed to row so well together as their opponents.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Mutual Boat Club Association, held on March 4, 1875, the following officers were duly elected: President, Chas. H. Thomas; vice-president, Eugene P. Gross; captain, E. Stanley Foster; recording secretary, E. Migguel; corresponding secretary, Geo. P. Whitney; treasurer, F. H. Weed; board of trustees, Col. R. S. Oliner, J. A. Shattuck Jr., Robt. K. Oliner, Jas. R. Mills, Geo. D. Weidman.

THE CLEMENTO CLUB of Charleston, S. C., held their annual election a few days ago, and chose the following gentlemen: President, T. P. Lowndes; vice-president, H. B. Bull; secretary and treasurer, C. S. Jervey; boat-master, H. N. Parker. The four-oared crew which will represent this club next season is the same as last year.

THE PRESENT board of officers of the Naiad Boat Club of Toledo, O., is composed of the following gentlemen: President, Byron F. Ritchie; vice-president, J. C. Brown; treasurer, N. W. Dyer; secretary, T. Biddle; captain, D. Howell; lieutenant, L. W. Hunter; directors, G. H. Newcomb, D. S. Monsarrat and T. B. Terry.

THE OFFICERS chosen by the Analostan Boat Club of Washington, D. C., are as follows: President, W. O. Avery; vice-president, L. S. Stevens; corresponding secretary, F. S. Maunder; recording secretary, E. N. Sallan; captain, J. L. Robertson; first-lieutenant, John R. White; second-lieutenant, Theodore Mosher Jr.

A STRAIGHTAWAY RACE, distance one mile and a half, came off on Walney Channel, Eng., Feb. 22, between J. Scott and Drummond. Fifty pounds were at stake, and the latter became entitled to the possession thereof without greatly exerting himself, his antagonist losing much by bad steering.

THE WOODSIDE ROWING CLUB of Newark, N. J., have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Fred W. Leonard; vice-president, Harry S. Mogridge; secretary, R. S. Carter; treasurer, Geo. G. Newark; captain, John H. Osborne.

AT THE regular meeting of the Atlanta Boat Club, March 9, Vice-president W. C. Mainland and Secretary J. W. Edwards were each presented with a set of complimentary resolutions, the presentation speech being made by Chas. A. Peverelly.

THE SOFT WEATHER we are at present experiencing, and the consequent rapid disappearance of the ice which for so long a time tightly locked the Harlem River in its frigid embrace, is productive of signs of life among the boat-houses which fringe the New York side of that stream, and the sounds heard within indicate that the live members of the several clubs who have kept their muscles free from rust by judicious exercise in the gymnasium during the cold term are getting ready for an early spin upon their favorite element. We can, therefore, expect with confidence a speedy resumption, if not of specie payments, at least of the scenes which daily at evenitide, during the rowing season, "make things lively" on this practical ground of metropolitan amateura.

R. B. BAINBRIDGE, in reply to Frank Yates, says that he does not entertain the slightest "objection" to rowing their proposed race on the Harlem River, and that in mentioning the "Kills" he was actuated solely by a spirit of fairness, as there both men could meet upon an equal footing. He also states that he last week forwarded to Yates' address articles of agreement for a single and a double scull race, each three miles straight on the Harlem River, for such prizes, or none at all, as may be agreed upon, the former to take place four days prior to the Harlem Regatta, and the other three days previously to said event.

THE BOSTON YACHT CLUB'S wharf and club-house at South Boston, Mass., were badly damaged by outgoing ice on the afternoon of Sunday, March 14. The wharf was nearly carried away, and it was feared that the house would go before many hours. The loss is estimated at over six thousand dollars.

THE PASSAIC RIVER AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION has been organized at Newark, N.J., by the Passaic, Mystic, Eureka and Triton Clubs, with the following officers: Commodore, William Harris, Passaic Club; secretary, William F. Coulton, Triton; treasurer, M. W. Beebe, Mystic.

THE PROSPECT of a season crowded with interesting events, both professional and amateur, is very cheering to the devotees of rowing sport, and by no means discouraging to our professional boat-builders, who are just now as busy as bees filling the numerous orders already received.

THE PALISADE CLUB of Yonkers, N. Y., are to have a new boat-house, the old one having been rendered unsafe by damage caused by the ice. We learn that about one thousand dollars have been subscribed towards this object.

THE BAYONNE (N. J.) ROWING ASSOCIATION propose to erect a boat-house at a cost of about five thousand dollars.

CHAS. B. ELLIOTT will please call or send for a communication addressed to him, in our care.

THE RING.

PRIZE SPARRING.—Prof. James O'Neil, teacher of boxing at Wood's Gymnasium, on Twenty-eighth street, this city, took his annual benefit on Friday evening, March 12, when his friends and admirers rallied in numbers sufficient to crowd certainly till the academy. As a special attraction competition by amateur Knights of the Gloves and Knights of the Mask, and for this trophy the following-named couples boxed in the order given: Coombes and Lattimer, Robt. Cornell and Carroll, Fred Engelhardt and Meigs, Dr. George Meigs and Thomas Gould, and Cornell and Meigs, the last-mentioned bout sparring "on to decide who should take the medal. It was a capital encounter, both exhibiting much skill and each aiming to deliver as many telling hits as possible, while neither flinched from the pepper received. The judges, Messrs. Dale and Reynolds, awarded the prize to Cornell, who was a member of the crew which won for Columbia College such oaric renown on Saratoga Lake last season. The award was hailed with much applause, which attested that the decision was in accord with the opinion of its great majority of the spectators. In addition to these encounters scientific exhibitions were given by Messrs. Gould and Edward Leavitt, Wm. McClellan and Prof. Dole, and Taylor and Clipson, while M. E. Burnton swung the Indian clubs. Austin and Lee gratified on parlor skates, Profs. De Turck and Senac fenced, and Shed Le Clair performed brilliantly on the high trapeze.

JIM TURNER takes a benefit at Olympic Hall, Sixteenth street, Broadway and Eighth avenues, this city, on Friday evening, March 19, at which a first-class entertainment will be provided for those who admire the game of fist and come again, when the same is illustrated by experts at that sort of thing. J. K. Emmet, Jr., the accomplished performer on "de ole banjo," will also be present, and others will help along the show, which will be brought to a finale by a minor sparring exhibition between those redoubtable antagonists on turf, Turner and Jim Frawley.

PROF. JOHN LONG, who gives instruction in the art of how to strike out from the shoulder in the most approved method, announces a sparring and athletic entertainment at Turner Hall, East Fifty-eighth street, between Second and Third avenues, on Thursday evening, April 1. See card among our sporting advertisements.

THOMAS ALLEN, an old Fourteenth-ward warder, and a man well and favorably known in the sporting portion of the community, has "taken to drink" as a means of livelihood, having leased the premises No. 42 Spring street, which he has fitted up in attractive and comfortable fashion as a wine-room.

BING WILLIAMS and James Chatburn have been matched at Virginia City, Nevada, to fight for five hundred dollars a side, on April 1, and can furnish a full back-handed fight. Williams winning in 3 hours and 10 minutes, during which time 45 rounds were contested.

JOE COBURN AND BILLY MCLEAN signed together nightly last week at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia. The exhibitions given are of a character to please only the spectators.

BILLY EDWARDS is still unable to walk, but his mustang walks abroad, and is now trying the efficacy of Turkish baths.

THERE ARE LETTERS in this office for F. L. Mullen and Geo. Ogden.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB elected the following officers March 10: President, D. Henry Knowlton; vice-president, Richard C. Bellowes; secretary, William Edgar Sinclair; treasurer, Walter K. Collins; captain, R. William Rathbone; first-lieutenant, Alfred H. Curtis; second-lieutenant, G. C. Barnette; trustees—Charles H. Pierce, Henry B. Egleston and J. R. Brahams.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY.
MR. JOSH HART.....Sole Proprietor
Return of everybody's favorites,
HARRIGAN AND HART,
in the MULLIGAN GUARDS
and the INTERNAL REVENUE EXAMPLE.
Return of Miss ELLA WESNER
and CARROLL and HARRIS.
First appearance of Mr. FRANK MARA.
Concluding with the
ITALIAN PADRONE, OR THE MAN OF THE HARP!
MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE CITY.
Edward Harrigan, Tony Hart, John Wild, George S. Knight, Frank Hamilton, Pete Lee, Annie Yeamans, Ada Richmond, Amy Neyers, Kitty O'Neil, Belle Hamilton, Belle Bennett, Marie Gorenflo, and Kitty Tilston.
With the above list of names it is impossible to have other than the
BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE CITY.
It is——impossible——to have other than the
BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD
with a Company of Stars like the above.
THE ABOVE-NAMED ARTISTS APPEAR EVERY EVENING AND MATINEES, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

OLYMPIC THEATRE,
No. 624 BROADWAY.
MR. JOHN F. POOLE.....MANAGER
THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE CITY.
EVERYBODY SAYS SO.
STANDING-ROOM ONLY at the Rise of the Curtain.
First appearance of the famed Irish artists,
MR. JOHN FIELDING and MISS MAGGIE FIELDING,
Mr. James Hackett, Mr. Sol Smith Russell, The Garnellas, Gus Williams, Messrs. Harper and Stansill, Messrs. Sanford and Wilson, Mr. John Hart, Mr. William Courtright, Mr. Thomas Craven, Mr. Fred Conover, Mr. E. D. Stoodling, Mr. William B. Cahill, Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. G. W. Reed, Mr. S. Holdsworth, Mr. James Vincent.
Miss Alice Harrison, Miss Maggie Weston, Miss Emmeline Young, Miss Belle O'Neil, Miss Addie Farwell, Miss Marie Connelly, Miss Pearl Thornton, etc., etc.
THE COLORED HAMPTOWN STUDENTS.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.
POSITIVELY NO FREE LIST.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
SIXTH WEEK.
JARRETT & PALMER.....Lessees and Managers.
HENRY IV.
Continuation of the remarkable career of the
WONDROUS SHAKESPEARIAN SPECTACLE.
Sixth week and triumphant success of the player
MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD in the role
Nearly one hundred thousand people have already witnessed the grandeur and glories of this sublime spectacular play, and the demand for seats is as apparently inexhaustible. Seats can now be secured far in advance, the box office to remain open for that purpose continuously every day from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.
THE SCENERY,
unquestionably the finest ever placed on any stage (all painted in Europe by the best artists), has its realistic effects augmented by the clever distribution of over
FOUR HUNDRED AUXILIARIES.
MATINEE every Saturday at half-past one. 51-1t

RISTORI'S LAST WEEK BUT ONE.
LYCEUM THEATRE, 14th street and 6th avenue.
TUESDAY—Last night of LUCREZIA BORGIA.
RISTORI (last time).....as.....LUCREZIA BORGIA
Reception of the Novelties and Premieres of Last Week.
WEDNESDAY—First production this season of Giacometti's greatest work—MARIE ANTOINETTE.
expressly written for Mme. Ristori's American tour, and originally for her. Produced by her
RISTORI in her superb role MARIE ANTOINETTE.
THURSDAY—Ristori's reentree and only appearance in Brooklyn in Legouvé's ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR.
SATURDAY—Last (but one) RISTORI Matinee. 51-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. AUGUSTIN DALY
Every night at 8. Overture at 15 o'clock.
A BIG SUCCESS.
THE BIG BONANZA!
THE HIT OF 1875! HUNDREDS UNABLE TO OBTAIN SEATS!
LAUGHTER INCESSANT!
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, 1:30.
BOX-SHEET OPEN TWENTY DAYS AHEAD! 51-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.
Mr. DALY has great pleasure in announcing that he has secured, by arrangement with Mr. Sol Smith Russell, the sole and exclusive right of production in this city of the TWO REIGNING PARISIAN SENSATIONS,
ROSE MICHEL!
and
A TOUR OF THE WORLD
IN 80 DAYS!
which are now the FINAL SUCCESSFUL NOVELTIES ABROAD.
*** Proper notification will be given of their FIRST REPRESENTATION at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. 51-1t

WOOD'S MUSEUM.....WOOD'S
SPECIAL NOTICE.
BURLESQUE, MINSTREL, PANTOMIME
AND
VARIETY COMBINATIONS,
FIRST-CLASS ONLY
(WHO CAN GIVE THE ENTIRE ENTERTAINMENT), wishing time in New York between
JUNE AND OCTOBER,
CAN APPLY TO
GEORGE WOOD.
51-1t*

WOOD'S MUSEUM.....WOOD'S
Every Evening, Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.
YANKEE ROBINSON,
in his great sensation play,
SAS-SA-MUS, COCK OF THE WALK.
THE ROMELLIS, THE MAN MEteor, and MAIE, the beautiful gymnast.
MATINEES THURSDAY AND FRIDAY.
MONTE CRISTO. 51-1t*

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE,
BROOKLYN.
Nightly, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons,
Another Entirely New Troupe for the
Family Resort of Brooklyn.
FIRST WEEK OF NOVELTY TROUPE NO. 4.
30 STAR PERFORMERS
In a Grand Double Bill.
STARS from all quarters of the globe. Admission only 15, 35, 50 and 75cts. 51-1t

UNION-SQUARE THEATRE.
Begins at 8, over at 11. Eighty-seventh to ninety-fourth time of
THE TWO ORPHANS,
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLAY
SEEN IN NEW YORK FOR YEARS.
MARVELOUS SUCCESS
SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 125TH MATINEE OF THE TWO ORPHANS. Seats may be secured one month in advance.
THE ONE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE
of this great play will take place on SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 27, on which occasion, in accordance with the custom of this theatre, every lady in attendance will be presented with an elegant BOUQUET on the event.
*** Box-office now open for sale of reserved seats 51-1t

PARK THEATRE.
"GIROFLE-GIROFLA." LAST SIX NIGHTS,
POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK.
Of Lecocq's melody, as the troupe appears at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 22d inst., when
MR. FRANK MAYO
succeeds them in the American play,
DAVY CROCKETT.
WEDNESDAY—BENEFIT of MLLE. GEOFFROY.
FRIDAY—BENEFIT of MLLE MINELLI. 51-1t

BRYANT'S OPERA-HOUSE,
472 AND 474 BROADWAY.
WEST 3D STREET. Unrivaled houses.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Immense success of
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. THE SKIDMORES.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. THE SKIDMORES.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. SHOO-FLY. SHOO-FLY.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. A SLIPPERY MAT.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. POMPEY'S BLUNDERS.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. GLYCERINE OIL.
FAMILY MATIN

DER DRUMMER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
DEDICATED TO GEORGE S. KNIGHT.

Who puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysters on der shell,
Und mit der fradens cuts a schwell?
Der Drummer.

Who vas id gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und never schtops to shut der door?
Der Drummer.

Who dakes me op der hand, und say,
Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?
Und goes for peesnis righdt avay?
Der Drummer.

Who abreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me look und see how nice,
Und says I gets der pottom price?
Der Drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra fine
Vrom Sharmany upon der Rhine,
Und abeals me den dimes outs of mine?
Der Drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,
Much less as vot I gould import,
But lets dem go as he vas short?
Der Drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers nbon his route,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
Der Drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I pin oudt,
Drinks ourp my bier und eats mine krout,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout?
Der Drummer.

Who ven he gomes again dis vay
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes avay?
Der Drummer.

J. H. CIKKER.

TWO LIVES UNVEILED;

OR,

THE SECRET HISTORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER,
BY VIDA VARRIE.

PART II.—CONTINUED.

An event which Mrs. W. actually thought providential occurred while this problem remained unsolved. Her husband was appointed a delegate to attend a convention at Harrisburg. He would leave home the following week and be absent about ten days, possibly longer. She calculated the chances of future discovery, and, blinded by her eagerness to carry out her design, she was oversanguine. She flattered herself that the chances of detection were not one in a million, and she was resolved to do it.

The invitations were issued at once, and every arrangement completed before Mr. W. left home, and, three days after his departure, the event came off.

The company was small, for Mrs. W.'s means were limited, in the present case, to what small sums she could obtain from her husband under various pretexts, and what she could borrow of one or two confidential and sympathizing friends. But though small, it was a very "recherche affair," so the fashionable people said, and "passed off with great eclat."

The ambitious hostess was radiant the entire evening. All her strategic movements, her complicated plans, as well as her laborious reading exercises, were crowned with brilliant success. She was bewildered, intoxicated, with the applause lavished upon her.

The *creme de la creme* of her distinguished social circle were present, and among these the magnificent Trevilla moved like a conquering hero. His patronage was proud of him, and he said he was proud of her. She had studied the art of presenting her *protege* to the best advantage, and in return for her protecting care he devoted all his brilliant power to winning a place in this rich and powerful circle. It is discouraging to attempt proving yourself a lion, feeling the world suspects you are an ass; but even an ass can play lion, knowing the world mistakes his brayings for the true leonine roar, and his long ears for a lion's mane. Camapilla knew he was assigned the role of lion, and he sustained it creditably.

Only one unpleasant event occurred to mar the serenity of the evening. This was the accidental breaking of a marble statue of Innocence if it was returned by a backward gesture of the professor's arm during his recitation of Macbeth's soliloquy before the murder of Duncan); but even this was forgotten in a moment—it was so easy to replace it.

Among the guests were several prominent members of a church at which Mrs. W. was an attendant, and of which her husband was a member. Before the evening was over a project was formed for an entertainment under the auspices of the church, for the benefit of some charity or mission, and Mrs. W. enjoyed the exquisite satisfaction of hearing Trevilla invited to repeat his recitations in one of the most aristocratic and powerful churches of Portland.

For several days succeeding the party, Mrs. W. was quite ill from the effects of her unnatural excitement; but, looking forward joyfully to still greater triumphs, she soon conquered her illness, and attended to her customary avocations. The first object which attracted her attention when she came downstairs was the broken statue of Innocence.

"That must be replaced," she thought, "before Sammy comes home," and she set apart the next afternoon to looking for another.

The next day, while she was searching for another Innocence to take the place of that which her teacher had shattered, her husband unexpectedly returned. Having been informed by the servant (who was not aware her mistress was out) that his wife was at home, he looked through the house to find her himself, intending to give her a little surprise, when, in his progress, he encountered the demolished Innocence.

"Why, how came this?" he asked regretfully of the servant at the door.

"Sure, sir, it was Mr. Trevilla, sir, when he was spaking his pace at the reception; and very sorry my lady was, sir, an' she's going for to get another jess like that same, so she is."

"Reception? What reception?" queried Mr. W. in amazement.

Now, Bridget (who was the chambermaid), as well as the rest of the servants, had been expressly cautioned against saying anything about the meeting in her master's presence, and Bridget was now making these developments on precisely the same principle that many persons always do things by contraries. It was simply a piece of blundering, and now that she perceived her error she promptly proceeded to make it worse.

"Oh, be gorry, now I've done it! What a bating I deserve, burn me! Sure, sir, the mistress, bless her pritty face, she'll kill me cleaner if she knows I told ye. She told me herself, with her pretty mouth, that I must keep mum before your honor, and now my own tongue has let the cat out of the bag. Plase, your worship, don't ye scold the young thing, for it was sich a jollification, an' sich nice people, and him that broke the image, Mr. Trevilla, was the biggest toad in the puddle, an' so he deserved to be, for didn't he give me a silver dollar, bless his handsome eyes!"

"No matter about further details, Bridget," replied Mr. Warden. He had listened stupefied, and now pressing his hand on his forehead, which felt dull and cold, he sank into the nearest chair.

"You won't scold the young thing, I hopes, sir," pursued Bridget, uneasy for her own sake, as well as concerned for her mistress.

"Go, go—you annoy me, Bridget; be a good, faithful servant, and you are safe," and Bridget, somewhat easier in her mind, departed.

Left to himself, Mr. W. sat staring at the shattered statue of Innocence. His home seemed in ruins at his feet. He felt cold, chilly, benumbed, too miserable to move, and an hour passed away while he sat there staring at that broken statue.

He was aroused by the announcement of a visitor. It was a member of the entertainment committee—a man of influence, wealth, and high social standing. He had called, he said, to confer with Mrs. Warden on the subject of the approaching exhibition to be given by the church; but, learning that she was out, he was about to leave his card, when the servant informed him of her master's return, and he had entered for the purpose of congratulating his esteemed friend on the remarkable progress of his charming and devoted wife under the valuable tuition of her talented instructor, whose acquaintance he had had the pleasure of making on the occasion of Mrs. Warden's delightful entertainment last week.

He only regretted that Mr. W.'s distinguished honor in having been sent as a delegate to the convention had prevented his being present to witness the triumph of his wife, as well as to enjoy the recitations of Professor Camapilla, who was, without doubt, a young man of great promise, of remarkable talent, and noble aspirations; and then Mr. W. learned with astonishment that the professor had already become an attendant at the church, and would figure prominently in the forthcoming festival for the benefit of a charity hospital.

When the visitor was gone Mr. W. attempted to arrange his thoughts. He loved his wife, and was proud of her social triumphs.

Might he not have erred, he asked himself, in discouraging the cultivation of those talents which others praised so highly, and had he not forced her to gratify her ambition clandestinely, by his unjust contempt of a man whom eminent authority pronounced worthy? Then he thought of the letter she had written to him the very day of her reception, every line of which was framed to deceive him; then of the commands laid on the servants to impose secrecy, and from these to the numerous details of the event which he knew must have absorbed all her thought, and yet none of it had escaped her. She had deceived him completely, and in bitterness of soul he sat staring at the broken statue of Innocence.

Meanwhile, Bridget, in the warmth of her good Irish heart, bewailing the slips of her tongue, was on the watch for her mistress. So sooner had she arrived than Bridget intercepted her and confessed her sin, hoping thereby to expiate it.

"Now, you jess go to the master, and you let on you haven't seen me, and you tell him affectionate like, that you had a little party while he was gone, and you did it a purpose not to disturb him with the noise and confusion, for you knows well enough how he likes o' him wants the house cleaned up an' in apple-pie order against he comes home, to be sure; and now, darling, you do as I tell ye, and he won't be hard on ye, for they say confession is good for the soul."

Mrs. W. listened, appalled. Unheeding the advice of Bridget, she entered to her room, locked the door, and gave herself up to deep lamentation. She dared not meet her husband till the fury of the storm abated. She resolved to feign illness till his anger had had time to subside; so, summoning Bridget, she sent to her physician for a prescription, and directed the servant to report her illness to everyone who inquired for her. She was in reality far from well. She had failed in her endeavors to replace the broken statue, and this terrible shock of exposure added to her fatigue, and anxiety had completely prostrated her nervous system. Had she acted upon Bridget's advice, it would have done much towards effecting a reconciliation with her husband, whose only hope was that she would confess and repent; but in the report of her illness he saw nothing but shame, fear and impenitence, and, instead of relenting, his bitterness and wrath were augmented. He dined alone, and then went to the library to write. His head was clear and no part of his business escaped his attention, but he worked with a heavy consciousness of sorrow.

It was late when he arose to retire for the night. Pondering upon the reception his wife would offer him, and wondering painfully whether she had slept without his forgiveness, he went slowly and sadly to his room. His hand was upon the latch of the door, when again there rushed over him in full force the thought of his wife's duplicity and cruel disregard of her husband's feelings in receiving that young man beneath his roof; and a deep feeling of indignation and aversion, amounting almost to loathing, took possession of him. His hand fell from the latch of the room, and he turned away with a sickened heart, and entered another.

Within that room from which her husband had turned so abruptly the unhappy wife was listening intently for his approach. She heard the shutting of the library door through the stillness of the house; then, closing her eyes and feigning sleep, she lay trembling as she heard the footsteps on the stairs. When they reached the door her heart was violently throbbing; the steps hesitated, then turned away. She heard the lock turn in the next room; then, with pallid face and hands clasped over her heart, she arose and crouched by the fire, for she seemed freezing. She listened, long hoping he might yet relent and return; then the church bells sounded midnight, and she arose and locked the door.

Feeling herself deeply injured by this neglect, her heart was filled with bitter resentment, utterly obscuring a true perception of her own fault and the requirements of duty. She returned to her bed, resolved to teach her husband that she was henceforth no longer a child that must seek permission for every act of its life, and, if he dared reprimand her for her recent clandestine manœuvres, she would defend and justify every act she had done.

When the husband and wife met at breakfast the next morning, he was grave, but kind and respectful; she, though inwardly surprised and much mollified by her husband's subdued manner, was nevertheless as predetermined, haughty, disdainful and defiant. No allusion was made by either to the subject of their differences. They conversed formally on various foreign matters, and then Mr. W. went down-town to his office without his usual leave-taking. As soon as he had left, his wife, considering the offense against herself augmented by this coldness, went spitefully across the street to seek reprisal by taking an extra lesson (for this was not the day for her regular instruction), and then, with the average woman's fondness for sympathy, she explained to Trevilla that her husband had been so shamefully angry on account of the theatricals that she had come to drown her misery by taking another lesson.

With the utmost delicacy and discretion he condoled with his pupil, gently pressing her hand, and saying, in a soothing voice, he was sure her husband's anger could not be otherwise than brief, as no mortal man could long remain angry with so charming and amiable a wife.

For some reason or other, Emmie was wonderfully consoled by this gallant speech. The strong iciness which she had exhibited to her husband was thawed out, and she was now in a melting mood.

She commenced to read, but faltered; her voice trembled, and the tears rose to her eyes. Her kind and sympathizing teacher silently pressed her hand, in token of his deep commiseration, and, thus sustained, she contrived to proceed for a few moments, when she broke down altogether, and burst into tears, exclaiming:

"It's no use! I wish I were dead!"

On the instant Trevilla was at her feet. He implored her for his sake not to weep, telling her it was agony for him to gaze upon the sufferings of one he loved, adored and worshipped so madly as he did her, and yet for whom he could do nothing but stand by, a witness of her daily sacrifice to a man who was insensible to her beauty, oblivious of her virtue, and ignorant of her talents.

"Hush! O hush! You forget I'm a married woman!" interposed Emmie.

"Forgetit! Never! I wish I *could* forget it for one short moment. In that brief oblivion I would revel in a lifetime of purest bliss! But pardon me," he continued dejectedly, "you have no right, and, I am sure, no wish, to hear this. You may not love your husband, but I could stake my soul's salvation you are true and honorable. For myself, nothing but the sight of your precious tears could have wrung this agonized avowal from my heart."

They settled the matter, as they said, "forever," by mutually agreeing never again to refer to it in the remotest way, and then Emmie, with a new and dangerous kind of happiness in her heart, returned home. Nothing could have convinced her at this time, that either she or her teacher was in any manner culpable. She firmly believed they were both victims of cruel circumstances; and, while it was folly, she thought, to expect him to resist loving her, so it was improbable that she could have exercised any self-denial in returning the love which he poured forth to her.

"Before I could reply, the lad appeared, mounted on the trick pony. A tin dish was fastened between the animal's ears, and the rider cried cheerily:

"Come, captain; it's time."

"Duster and his youthful rider proceeded to the gate west of the fort, followed by the officer and his wondering command. A light was struck, the gate was thrown open, and simultaneously the pony and the boy burst through it like a flaring meteor; for the tin dish emitted a fierce, red, hissing glare that dyed the air around it a blood-red, and lit up the herbage and bushes through which they flew, as if by some diabolical necromancy. The Indians yelled as if they believed the Great Spirit were sweeping down upon them in bloody vengeance, and the fiery pony and his dauntless rider swept scatheless through their trembling ranks.

"But, lack-a-day! the red-fire that Lute had got from the property wagon would not burn forever; and when it died out the Indians were quick to discover that a trick had been played upon them. Soon a score of mounted braves were in mad pursuit of Duster and his pony, for the sake of life or death. The fugitives had some advantage in the start. Could they keep it?

"Lute used neither whip nor spur, but admonished Duster with voice alone. The sagacious creature responded as if an empire depended on his prowess. Behind came the Seminoles like a pack of wolves. No single false step on the part of the pony, and the fair-haired, blue-eyed boy would look on the world for the last time!

"Panther Creek bursts on the rider's vision. But what a sight! Swollen by the heavy rains, it is a rushing along, a wide, surging muddy river. The slender wooden bridge no longer cresses it. The farther end is loosened, and the structure is beginning to swing into the angry flood. All this the youthful rider sees and comprehends ere he reaches the bank. Behind him are the yells of fury of the Seminole braves are behind him, yelling and looking in triumph. An energetic word of encouragement, and Duster by a mighty spring lands on the bridge just as the whole structure was swept away, rocking and bowling in the frantic torrent. The pony's weight, in a measure, steadies it—he keeps it from being clean over. The yelling Indians come pell-mell along the bank; but they are soon left far behind.

"Lute clasps Duster with the desperation of despair. The bridge now sweeps along the swift descent lengthwise, like a log in a rapid current; but nothing except a singularly intelligent animal, like a beaver or this pony, could have maintained a footing on it. Down the foaming rapids pony and boy were swept. The moon is bright above, and at the thought of the fearful peril that may any moment overtake them the boy feels as if his reason would fail him. But his anxiety is all the while divided between his companion and himself. He has no thought of compassing his own safety by the sacrifice of Duster. A dark bar of sunken rocks is ahead, and there is darkness as of the solid ground beyond. Perplexed and apprehensive, he gazes. Ah! the truth flashes upon him—it is a bend in the stream. In less than five seconds he comprehends that when the stream is in its ordinary condition there are high banks at the outer sweep of that bend; but now it is nearly or quite level-full with the eddying torrent. He feels that they must either perish or be saved at that bend. One end of the bridge would strike the bank there, and the other would wheel plunging round and drown Duster and himself in the eddying whirlpool.

"There was but one desperate course left for safety; but there were a thousand chances against its success. He spoke to Duster and waited. The shock came. The end struck. The pony and rider darted along the rocking, creaking planks, and, with a sight-ful leap, hung half on land, half in water, while the bridge left them and was twisted like a huge saurian through the whirlpool.

"Through courage and presence of mind on the part of Lute, seconded by intelligent patience on the part of Duster, the pair scrambled on terra-firma. The animal was strangely affected when his safety was assured. He trembled and shook, and was unable to move at more than a snail's pace. Consequently, much time was lost in reaching Fort Cobb and alarming our comrades there.

"Meantime the cordon of Seminoles surrounding us in Fort Warren began cautiously to creep in. The long night seemed to hang on leaden wings, for no succor arrived. The conviction that had been gradually growing upon us seemed to be confirmed—the boy and the pony had perished.

"Captain Jackson, who had been chafing under this enforced inactivity, determined on a dare-devil movement. Lots should be drawn, and, with the five poor horses we had, another attempt should be made, under the cover of a rapid discharge of our remaining ammunition, to break the enemy's lines. I was one of the fortunates who drew a prize. My horse was a sorry, shambling animal; and, just as our daring dash was proving a success, I received a bullet in my bridle-arm, the rein slackened, and down went horse and rider, rolling ignominiously together. I had presence of mind. I lay as one stark dead, with mouth open and limbs limber. A young brave approached, spurned me with his foot, removed my scalp with a horribly painful gash, when, just as he was preparing to strip me, the sounds of shouting and musketry fell upon his quick ear, and he bolted.

"Assistance had arrived from Fort Cobb, and every man in the company, except myself, was safe.

"But little further remains to be told. The captain sent me to the little village where now stands the city of Denver; and Luke and Duster accompanied me. The boy was my orderly, and a patient, kind and attentive one he was. He ——"

"There, that will do, Colonel!" burst in Mrs. Dallas—"no flattery."

"Flattery!" cried everyone in astonishment.

The Colonel smudged and chuckled till he grew red in the face; and the lady continued:

"You see, my poor father thought when we were traveling through the Indian territory that I had better wear ——"

"Boys' clothes!" roared the Colonel. "That is how my wife and my wig came to be associated, you see."

TEDDY O'REILLY'S PARTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN DUDLEY.

Teddy O'Reilly was a jolly ould chap,
He said he'd be happier if he was only a pap,
And he thought it was queer,
That for over tin year
He'd been wedded, but divil a child did appear.

And often his friends would jokingly ask:
"How's the child, Teddy, does it take to its flask?"
But Teddy would say,
In a misthterious way:
"Yez kin laugh, but ye know every dog has his day."

Now one mornin' early a rumor wint round
(Which surprised everyone in the town)
That the night before
Teddy woke from his snore
To find himself fayther ave twins, to be sure.

Thin Teddy got up a nate little party,
There came the McMullins, and Shorty McCarthy,
Wid nosey O'Rourke,
A swate looking bloke
Who came dressed up in his gran'fayther's coat.

And Judy McFadden, she came wid her Pat,
And Brian O'Farrell, who wore a "plug" hat;
Wid dirty-face Dick,
A red-headed mick,
And twinty-four others whose names I forgit.

The ladies were trated to pound-cake and punch,
The b'ys smoked, drank, and talked in a bunch;
And forty times o'er
That evening they swore:
"Such a grand party had ne'er been before."

Soon someone requisted yaung Brian O'Farrell
To sing thim a song; so he mounted a barrel;
But the head being thin,
It tushted right in,
And down wint Brian, chock up to his chin.

Teddy got up thin to dance 'em a jig,
But Shorty the divil let in a pig—
It ran at the lad es,
And frightened the babies,
And tripped up old Teddy, who bellered like blazes.

Teddy then swore: "'Twas that blackguard McGuire
That let in the pig;" but Mac says, "You're a liar!"
Thin Teddy struck out,
And hit him a clout
That sint Mac a-whirling about.

Mickey's fayther then took up the job,
And he hit ould Teddy a slap in the gob,
And Teddy went down,
Wid a thunderin' sound,
That shook all the houses for tin miles around.

Thin the rest of the party got in an uproar,
Knocking each other all over the floor;
Breaking up chairs,
Pulling out hairs,
And throwing the pots and the kittles down-stairs.

Poor Shorty McCarthy wid fright thin did cry,
For someone had hit him a tap on the eye,
And behind the stove
He suddenly dove,
For a bottle of gin at his head was hove.

Tumblers and bottles wint skipping about,
Till one hit the lamp, which put the light out;
And soon overcome
Wid fighting and rum,
They dropped off to sleep, which ended the fun.

And the next mornin' when they awoke,
Each looked at the other, but not a word spoke;
So wid heads big as two,
Wearing hats all askew,
The guests staggered homeward, feeling quite blue.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

One night they all met, and wid great propriety,
Voted to join a temperance society;
And each man did agree
To drink nothing but tea;
Thin they all drank success to their new victory.

CARITA,

Or, the Shadow in the Air.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

She was a slender slip of a girl, not more than fifteen, though looking older because of the careworn wrinkle between her straight brows, and the tired, wistful look in her dark eyes. Not strange—for in all that weird, strained, unnatural thing her life had always been, she had known no childhood. Thrown, haphazard—as too many of God's children are—into a world already full before she came, its end was but the logical result of its beginning. Very grave and quiet, you might have known Esther Bradshaw a year without seeing her smile. "Bound up in her profession"—those said who could not know the inward rebelling that made up her life; for, in little things, as in great, she suffered as dumb animals do, without cry or moan.

Her father—an unknown quantity—existed only in name; her mother came, whence no one knew; gone, none knew, or cared whither—when, one fine night, she danced herself into her grave, leaving to her child only a confused recollection of lights and music and sudden, startled cries, hushed by strange yet kindly voices; the dull thud of the quick-dropping curtain, that shut out the thousand curious eyes, and the white, white face upturned and motionless, with the red blood staining the gauzy dress, and bare, uncovered neck of the dead coryphee.

Thus, the Midge, as the child was called, became a compulsory ward of the management, which arrangement they not concurring in any too cordially, she was allowed short time for her election between the Asylum and the honorable—though wearisome—independence of the boards. Naturally enough, she chose the latter, as the only life of which she knew anything, and in which she was, at four years of age, already a veteran.

As time wore on, Esther was handed over to the professional care of Dan Bradshaw, whose last pupil had wound up her acrobatic career by a well-timed somerset out of the ring into the lap of the keeping of a husband, leaving that "impresario," for the time being, "without visible means of support." How little do you—to whom the world hidden behind "the glittering horseshoe" seems so bright—know of the bitter experience and training that are required to turn out the perfect stern school the artists who nightly delights you with her graceful movements or her daring exploits?

Under this terrible apprenticeship, doubly hard to a child of her peculiar, sensitive nature, Esther passed eleven long years of servitude. Of the failures, the disappointments, the heart-burnings, the jealousies, that go to make up an actor's life, she had sounded the depths; and hunger, cold and abuse she knew only too well. Until—"Oh, to be away from it all"—away from the never-ending glitter and glare, the torturing maze of wires and ropes and pulleys—from it all, away from the hated voice of her master, and to go out into the untried world beyond the footlights—became the burden of her thoughts.

But into this life, which knew of Hope only its longing, there had blossomed, in secret and silence, and almost unknown to herself, a love which was to be the one glimpse of heaven that had come to her arid existence. There was absolutely nothing in this part of Esther's story, nothing tangible to take hold of or relate; you cannot grasp the effulgence of star or sun—you are only aware of the fact of its being; and yet the light and the joy it had flooded her whole life. True, he had spoken to her but once, and that on an occasion when a partial failure of her "Act" had brought down on her the vengeful wrath of Bradshaw; but in his frequent comings and goings—for he had the entree of the theatre—he never failed in a kindly nod or smile of recognition. To Esther a nod—and yet worth the wealth of Indies to that poor, starved heart! Once, in passing, Jasper Irwin's hand had touched hers—he did not even know it—but that night Esther lay awake in the cold silence of the lonely room, the hand his touch had made sacred clasped close to her breast, and covered with her own passionate kisses.

Do you laugh at this love as impossible, absurd? Cynic that you are! know that our love for the Ideal, the Unknown, is the one romance of life.

A wretched, dreary morning, with the everlasting drip, drip, of the rain, and unhappy wailing of the chill November wind outside; and within, the gloom made more noticeable by the flickering gaslight over the prompter's table, that still left the huge stage full of dank, unwholesome shadows. Miscellaneous "traps" and accessories encumbered the entrances. Plethoric turkeys that served for each night's principal feast, the Fairy Gorgeous-eyes' dress wings, shells of viols, drums and hums that formed the dresses of children in the Musical March, all heaped in ignominious confusion. The boxes and tiers were still shrouded in their night robes of coarse white muslin, and along the galleries the scrubbers hovered ghost-like with pails and brooms. Down in the orchestra the fiddles scraped and shrieked in preparation as the ballet came trooping in, in their short, stringy skirts and worsted leggings, gaping, scolding, shivering and crowding to their morning's practice.

Two hours of sharp work, and then they all trooped back again into the semi-darkness of dressing-rooms and wings. Only two persons remained—Esther and a man who had sauntered in, with the stump of an unlighted cigar between his teeth, and his hands in his pockets.

Esther, seated on a vacant throne, and dreamily watching the dancers, was yet unaware of their departure, until the latter's entrance made her spring huddled on her feet. But quiet as was her motion, she had not been quick enough to elude the touch of the newcomer's hand, which rested heavily on her shrinking shoulder.

The well-worn waterproof in which she had been enveloped dropped from her shoulders, and she stood before him lithe, erect, and defiant almost, in the scant yet graceful garb of the trapeze artist. His eye rested on her a moment approvingly.

"Well, I s'pose you've made up your mind about that little matter, eh?" were the first words he said. "Going to settin' for his answer—them kind don't wait long on women—as good fish in the sea,' you know—'cut, and come again'—etcetery, etceterary."

Esther shuddered.

"It's a good chance, Esther; and, if you do well, he'll do the fair thing by you. He's got it right slap, hung half on land, half in water, while the bridge left them and was twisted like a huge saurian through the whirlpool.

"Through courage and presence of mind on the part of Lute, seconded by intelligent patience on the part of Duster, the pair scrambled on terra-firma. The animal was strangely affected when his safety was assured. He trembled and shook, and was unable to move at more than a snail's pace. Consequently, much time was lost in reaching Fort Cobb and alarming our comrades there.

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DUSTER AND HIS RIDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

Colonel Dallas used to amuse his guests, and slightly annoy his wife, when the question was asked:

"How long have you been married, Colonel?"

"Ask my wife or my wig," he would briefly respond; "they both became a portion of me contemporaneously."

Now, as both the Colonel and his wife were uncommunicative, and as the wig of course was a totally silent partner in the firm, much curious speculation had arisen in the village over this simple matter, while many a tea-table had gossiped over the singular association of the wife and the wig.

At a wedding-party, however, when exhilarated by conversation and good wine—and in utter disregard of his wife's admonitory forefinger—the Colonel exploded the secret, and Everton was happy.

"I commenced the active duties of life," he said, "in the —th Cavalry; and our regiment was soon proceeding towards that part of the country now called Kansas. There had been serious trouble with the Indians, and the Seminoles, particularly, had been ferociously bloodthirsty, and were then reported to be in war-paint. Our company was ordered to Fort Warren, west of the Canadian River; and we hadn't been there a week before a gashed settler came running into camp and told our captain that a company of strolling players had been barbarously murdered, and their horses and wagons carried off by the red miscreants.

"The scene of the massacre was a score of miles off, and the Indians were reported to be in considerable force; but Captain Jackson was a Hotspur, and in half an hour every man of the company was in the saddle in full pursuit of the treacherous redskins. We were all young, healthy and high-spirited, and as one man we urged forward our foaming steeds—like ourselves, apparently, eager for the fray.

"Three hours' hard riding brought us upon the band of Seminoles. Our approach was totally unexpected, and our dashing, helter-skelter attack threw them into confusion and dismay. They were so absolutely panic-stricken that they were powerless for resistance, and fled like a herd of scared bisons. Fifteen of them were killed, and several, severely wounded, made their escape. They had butchered the unfortunate players before our attack, with the exception of one delicate boy, whom they had bound hand and foot. We rescued the boy and captured several mules and ponies, with two wagons containing dresses and "properties" belonging to the traveling actors.

"'O General!' cried the little fellow when he recovered from his bewilderment, 'let Duster and me go with you, and we'll help you whip the Indians. They killed poor father and Uncle Pete, and they beat me like a dog when I tried to save them.'

"'I tell you there wasn't a dry eye among us when the orphan made this piteous appeal, and we all felt as if we had found something to love and protect when the captain said:

"'Why, of course, sonny, you shall go with us; but who's Duster, and where is he?'

"'He's the trick pony, General; there he stands, looking at us, on the knoll beyond. He's so wise, General—wiser nor some men, father used to say —' here a paroxysm of tears prevented further utterance.

"Forthwith Duster was coaxed into the circle; and with the wagons and cattle we started back to the fort. Lute Butler, as the boy called himself, was soon a prime favorite at the fort; but Duster a stubborn, vicious, and guilty of most of the mortal sins peculiar to the equine race. Yet he was a beautiful creature, with a glossy, jet-black coat and superb mane and tail, and as docile and playful as a kitten when Lute handled or rode him.

"Great anticipations of fun, arising from Duster's performances, were, however, suddenly dispelled by the savage fact that the fort had been stealthily and completely surrounded by over two thousand Seminole warriors. They had crept in under the cover of a storm; and when the warning winds died away, and the landscape was left sleeping in bright tranquillity, a terrible fight for life with the infernal reds stared us in the face. The odds were fearfully against us. We had but a slender supply of ammunition or food. None could be procured nearer than Fort Cobb, across Panther Creek, twenty-five miles away; and the cunning savages were gradually contracting the cordon they had established round us. To add to the desperation of our case, a terrible thunderstorm then broke over us; and a gleaming bolt of lightning exploded our magazine, killed most of our horses, and destroyed our provisions. With hushed voices we looked at one another questioningly, and, while the rain came down in torrents, strong men thought tenderly of their friends far away. The query: 'What does Captain Jackson intend to do?' was upon every lip, and yet remained unspoken.

"Meanwhile the captain himself was quietly chatting to the boy Lute Butler, and the storm had abated. The mists rose, and the stars came out. There was serene peace in the heavens, desolation in the camp, and the implacable red foe without. The captain reconnoitred with his field-glass.

"'When that star has easterned until it is over yon rock, it is directly over the wooden bridge,' said he to Lute. 'Then ——'

The boy turned hastily away.

"'There are some natures so linked to the savage love of enterprise that they seek peril as a pleasure,' said Captain Jackson to me; 'and this boy is one of them.'

"Before I could reply, the lad appeared, mounted on the trick pony. A tin dish was fastened between the animal's ears, and the rider cried cheerily:

"'Come, captain; it's time.'

"Duster and his youthful rider proceeded to the gate west of the fort, followed by the officer and his wondering command. A light was struck, the gate was thrown open, and simultaneously the pony and the boy burst through it like a flaring meteor; for the tin dish emitted a fierce, red, hissing glare that dyed the air around it a blood-red, and lit up the herbage and bushes through which they flew, as if by some diabolical necromancy. The Indians yelled as if they believed the Great Spirit were sweeping down upon them in bloody vengeance, and the fiery pony and his dauntless rider swept scatheless through their trembling ranks.

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CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

BONES VISITS THE BROOKLYN BATTLE-GROUND.

"DEDICATED TO SCANDALIZERS."
BY T. J. MCDERMOTT.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Well, Bones, what do you think of matters and things in Brooklyn by this time?

BONES.—Well, I don't 'zactly know how deyse got tings rigged ober dar; I was ober dar myself tudder day.

INT.—Ah, indeed! I suppose you saw enough to talk about for a year.

BONES.—Yas; an' I heerd more about what somebody else seen dan I keer about heering in twenty yeahs ag'in.

INT.—Well, tell us something about what you saw and heard.

BONES.—Fust ob all, I walked 'cross on de ice, an' when I got up to de court-house, Lor' o' Massy! you nebba seed sech a jam.

INT.—Very large crowd, I suppose.

BONES.—Crowd? Why dar was *millions in it*. I nebber did see sech multitudes.

INT.—Did you get inside?

BONES.—Oh, you bet I got in; but it wuz a pooty tight fit, I tell you. I stood on the corner, and arter I *scanned all* de crowd I made a *Spring* and got a *Fall*; but, as I lit *Summer* on my head, it didn't make eny difference, and arter a good squeezin' I got on de inside.

INT.—Of course you get a good sight of all the notables.

BONES.—De reporters, you mean?

INT.—No, sir. I mean Beecher, Tilton, and all the other *crowned heads* of the trial.

BONES.—Guess you mean *bald heads*.

TAMBO.—No; he means *bald crowns*.

INT.—As you please, gentlemen; but, Bones, continue your remarks, and, Tambo, you keep quiet.

BONES.—Well, arter I'd bin standing up about four hours and a half ——

INT.—Tut, tut, man; we can't believe that.

BONES.—Well, 'twus half a hour, anyhow.

INT.—You got a seat.

BONES.—Yes. How did you know?

INT.—I only guessed it; but go on.

BONES.—Good guess. Well, when I got sittin' down I felt mo' interested in de case.

INT.—Was there anyone on the stand?

BONES.—Y

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

PERFIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WANDERING WILLIE.

Ah, madam, your reign is now over—
How I loved you 'tis needless to say.
Didst not find me a passionate lover?
To any request said I nay?
But I sicken at last from satiety,
As many frail mortals will do,
And I long for a little variety—
That's why I'm seceding from you.

Had you not treated me cavalierly,
In a safe "you-are-mine" sort of way,
I can't tell but what perhaps dearly
I'd be loving you up to this day;
But you're not the sole one on earth, miss;
Don't think me unkind, if I say,
Of pretty young girls there's no dearth, miss,
Who don't want it all their own way.

I assure you that I've no ill-feeling—
Come and see me whenever you please;
A happiness o'er me is stealing,
Soft and bright as the fair southern seas.
This happiness renders me bold, love—
What! ho! bring the rich mountain dew;
And now that I'm off with the old love,
I'll drink a deep draught to the new.

TRIALS OF A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

Fond duLac, Wis., is now experiencing its first unpleasantsensation for a long time. Two years ago a man, fresh from college, aged 28 years, married a young lovely woman in Michigan, and immediately became a pastor of a church of this city. He seemed to be very earnest in his devotion to the cause of religion and the interests of his congregation. At the end of the year he was retained; but it was not long before serious charges were quietly made against him. The minister and his wife boarded. He was charged with most shamefully abusing his wife, a young woman who had succeeded in making herself beloved by all her acquaintances. Some time last Summer she told the unchristian minister that she should be compelled to leave him, and return to her parents in Michigan. When he saw her getting ready, and saw that she was determined to go, he begged and pleaded with her not to thus expose him to a merciless world. So earnest and touching were his pleadings that she consented to a compromise, by which she was to go home on a visit of two or three months' duration. She went home, and in the course of a month he went after her, and threatened to ruin her reputation if she did not immediately return with him. She came back, and then commenced her troubles in dead earnest. He abused her before company, calling her "an idiot," "a dirty slut," "a low, brutal fiend" and "a lazy bitch." He caught her by the arm and pushed her outdoors one night, and but he blocked her game, and then told her that, if she ever again attempted to leave him, he would have her taken to jail. This frightened the poor woman for a time; but, a week ago, while the Elder was off attending to a religious convention, the jaded, abused wife packed up her things and started for home on the night train. The husband has added to the shameless abuse of a noble woman numerous lies; and all who ever had any respect for him have ceased him off. At one time, not long ago, after calling his wife "a dirty slut," he dropped upon his knees and addressed the Throne of Grace in this language: "O Lord! thou knowest that my hated wife is the one great obstacle in the way of a revival of religion in my church. Wilt Thou, in Thy goodness, remove them and remove her?" This was in the hearing of his wife and two of the boarders.—Cor. *Chicago* (Ill.) *Tribune.*

HOW A COUNTRYMAN GOT "LEFT."

J. D. Bowman is a young man from the rural districts, and when he comes to town he wants to have his fun, and for a while, at any rate, to be one of the boys. Last Thursday, attracted by the notices of the gorgeous cancan, he came to town to take in the Olympic, and see the elephants. While at the theatre he enjoyed himself, visited the wine-room and toasted the bewitching creatures whose sylph-like forms he had seen going through their graceful evolutions on the stage, and, after partaking of several potations, invited the proprietor, Buregard, to accompany him to a restaurant and take a relish of oysters. While thus engaged the conversation turned upon the old topic of "lovely women," and Bowman expressed a desire to meet some charming creature and spend a while in her society. His companion told him he could introduce him to a lady who would be pleased to make his acquaintance. Thence they went to rooms in the building adjoining the First National Bank, having the reputation of being rented for assignation purposes, and here was introduced to the charming blonde whose appearance on the street always causes so many "naughty, naughty men" to turn and look over their shoulders. With her, Bowman states, he made a contract, and for certain considerations, needless to mention, he was to pay her fifteen dollars. Not having just that sum, he gave her twenty dollars, expecting to receive the change. He then went down stairs to get a drink, and on his return found his charmer had lit out with his twenty-dollar bill and her portion of the contract broken. Failing to get a money's worth, Bowman this morning had the girl arrested for carrying on her vocation, and the charge was put against Buregard of being a "pimp." The testimony of Bowman, whose whole appearance indicates "greeny," caused considerable amusement in court. The defendants were each fined $100 and costs, Buregard taking an appeal and giving bonds, while the blonde, Carrie LaCelle, goes out to the workhouse to wash for the inmates of that institution, and the hospital, at the rate of 60cts. a day. Sometimes honesty is as good policy as any other.—*Kansas City* (Mo.) *Chronicle*, Feb. 15.

QUEER BREACH-OF-PROMISE CASE.—The latest breach-of-promise suit in the London courts lacks nothing of romantic flavor. Contrary to the usual state of affairs, the plaintiff in the case is a man, a Mr. Townsend by name, who had farmed somewhat extensively at Steeple Barton, Oxfordshire, and became acquainted with Miss Bennett, the daughter of an extensive landed proprietor. Mr. Townsend and Miss Bennett, it appears, became very intimate, and soon an engagement took place between them. It came to pass now that the father of Miss Bennett died, leaving his wife and daughter a large fortune, invested for the most part in land. There was a farm worth £500 a year rental, which fell to Miss Bennett, and Mr. Townsend became a tenant of it at a rental of £498 a year. Matters went on lovingly until the plaintiff discovered that Miss Bennett's mamma was trying to break off the match. The old lady, the plaintiff alleges, was apprehensive that the property of her daughter would be appropriated by Townsend, and that prospective heirs would eat it all up. Soon after this discovery Townsend received a notice to quit Miss Bennett's farm, and soon after there was an intimation that Miss Bennett would not perform her promise to marry him. The plaintiff pressed for marriage, and the lady said it should take place in the Spring; but the Spring passed, Summer arrived, and the next Spring also appeared, but still there was no marriage. The plaintiff saw that the defendant was not herself unwilling to marry, but that the mother did not wish to lose her daughter. Becoming impatient, Townsend called to see his betrothed, but he was met by the mother, who ordered him off the premises. Thereupon Townsend said he would refer the matter to his solicitor, and then the mother asked him what he would take to release his claim to her daughter's hand. "Give me £3,000 cash, and I'll call it square," said the young man. This was too much money for the close-fisted mamma, however, and so the case was carried to court, where the verdict is yet to be reached.—*Boston* (Mass.) *Post.*

NARROW ESCAPE OF A MARRIED WOMAN.—It is the practice with a number of our leading retail establishments in this city to treat their lady customers to a glass of wine when they make shopping visits, especially during wet and cold weather, like that we have had this Winter. A few days ago a handsome young married lady, residing in Camden, N. J., came across the river to do some shopping. She visited the dry-goods house where she usually makes her purchases; after buying what she wanted, was handed a glass of wine. She returned after leaving, in a few minutes, to purchase something that she had overlooked, and was handed another glass of wine. Not being accustomed to drinking, the liquor went to her head, and she began wandering around town, and soon landed in Sixth and Bedford streets, the lowest neighborhood in Philadelphia. Here she was seen by a man on the lookout for such cases, who was leading her to a house of prostitution, when he was overtaken by Policeman John Duffy, and the lady rescued. As the woman was too much intoxicated to give her name or residence, she was taken to the 19th district police-station. Seventy-six dollars were found in her possession, a handsome gold watch and diamond rings. A few hours after she recovered, and her husband was telegraphed for. He had in the meantime been searching everywhere for her; and at four o'clock the next morning he arrived at the police-station and took his wife, aged only 22 years, and the mother of two children, home. The husband is one of the leading business men of Camden; and had it not been for Policeman Duffy, the lady would have been robbed and outraged, and, it may have been, murdered. The Camden family is too respectable to name, but if the husband prosecutes the dealer, it will not be libelous to name him in double-leaded caps as a tradesman who gave his customers drugged wines.—Philadelphia cor. *Washington* (D. C.) *Gazette*, Feb. 28.

A WASHINGTON SCANDAL.—The sensational topic in social circles yesterday and to-day was the runaway marriage from Willard's Hotel. The bride is a Miss Sewell, an only daughter of a very wealthy man of Pittsburg, and the groom a Major Shelley, an impecunious lobbyist and general adventurer about town. Miss Sewell is a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, who has been here visiting for a month or so with her mother. Major Shelley is a New Orleans man, whose business here is to look after levee interests in Congress. He is a man about forty years of age, and does not possess a single trait, either in the shape of personal appearance or social position, that would seem enough to recommend him to the good graces of a wealthy and much-admired young society lady. Shelley made this young lady's acquaintance only some seven or eight days ago, but he seemed to obtain the most mysterious influence over her from the start. Last Friday afternoon he procured a carriage and called at the hotel for Miss Sewell. He took her out with him, and, picking up a lobbyist friend on the sidewalk, General Jones, he drove the party to the Epiphany Church, where the marriage was performed. General Jones gave away the bride. The young lady informed her mother, on her return, of what she had done. Then followed a very lively scene. Sewell *pere* was notified by telegraph, and he came on this morning, breathing vengeance. Shelley will not make much by his matrimonial speculation, as Sewell swears that he will never acknowledge his daughter again in any way, if she does not give up her husband.—Telegram to *Chicago* (Ill.) *Times.*

SAD STORY OF DOMESTIC TROUBLES.—Judge Wylie yesterday granted a decree of divorce to Grace A. Folk from her husband Louis Folk, whom she avers is a clerk in the Treasury Department at a salary of $1,800 per annum. She claims that they were married on November 2, 1862, by Rev. Dr. Finckel, in this city, and the result of their marriage has been five children. They lived quietly on E street southeast until last year, when he had her life insured for $3,000, and ever since has treated her with great cruelty, and at various times threatened to take her life. During the course of his cruel treatment of her she was taken violently ill, and he refused to assist or help her in any way. As soon as they had acquired the sum of $1,000, he sent to Europe for his mother, and then she learned for the first time that he was an Israelite, and found herself entirely despised by her Jewish mother-in-law. He tried unsuccessfully to get her to apply for a divorce from him, and boasted openly that he would treatment her into so doing. To show his utter contempt of her, he frequently spat on her, and would cruelly treat the children out of pure vindictiveness. He went to a hotel to live in November last, and has since neglected to contribute to her support. The decree grants the plaintiff absolute divorce, alimony at $50 per month, custody of the children, possession of the house No. 1,232 E street southeast, and counsel fee. The marriage license record of the 27th of November, 1862, shows the name of Louis F. Folk and Grace Pettigrew.—*Washington* (D. C.) *Chronicle*, Feb. 27.

A SPIDER'S VICTIM.—Yesterday Officer Goran noticed a woman with a small child in her arms wandering along the banks of the river in the southwestern part of the city. Fearing that she might have designs on the life of the child, he approached her, whereupon she started to run. The officer gave chase and finally captured her under a board-pile, where she attempted to hide. She was taken to Third-street Station for safe keeping. Captain Reeder took charge of the child (an infant about four weeks old) away from the mother, and gave it to nurse to a young negro woman in the neighborhood. The woman gave her name as Elizabeth Vetters, and her age as third-four. She is without doubt a raving maniac. Her hair is as gray as if she were seventy years old. Soon after her capture her brother was brought in beastly drunk and locked up. By seven o'clock he was sober enough to talk, and told a reporter that his sister had worked for a long time at the Germania House. He said she was single and that the first knowledge he had that she was a mother was when she came to his house a few days go with the infant in her arms. The brother's name is John Vitters, and he lives at 354 West Sixth street. Captain Reeder says he will pay for the infant's nursing from his own purse sooner than let the crazy mother get it again. No doubt the woman's wrongs wrecked her mind.—*Cincinnati* (O.) *Enquiry*, Feb. 27.

BOUND TO BE BAD.—Says *The Chicago* (Ill.) *Post and Mail* of March 1: "A very sad case came up before Justice Boyden this morning for trial. It was the case of a young girl, seventeen years old, named Maggie Langdon, the daughter of very respectable parents, who live on West Washington street. Some time since Maggie became quite 'wild,' persisting in running around with young sports and associating with prostitutes and thieves. Last week she deserted her home entirely, and went to live with a colored prostitute in the St. James Hotel. Her mother, finding she could do nothing with the girl, swore out a warrant for her arrest, and, accordingly, Maggie was locked up. This morning Justice Boyden gave her the benefit of a long lecture, and, after telling her that in case she was complained of again he would send her to the Bridewell, sent her home."

A VILE WRETCH PUNISHED.—On board a vessel in this port an attempt at a horrible crime was made by one of the sailors of the crew, the little daughter of the captain of the vessel being the intended victim. The resistance of the girl attracted attention, and drew to her rescue timely aid. The outraged and indignant parent could hardly be restrained from taking the life of the villain, but at last consented to let him live, and, having swung him up to the mainmast, caused a terrible flogging to be inflicted on his bare back. Information of the matter, which has been kept quite quiet, has reached the Solicitor-general, and a prosecution in court may bring the man to further punishment.—*Savannah* (Ga.) *Advertiser*, Feb. 27.

THE SEVEN DIALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CAPT. BARCLEY.

The great clock in St. Paul's Church, London, had struck twelve. The lights in the Seven Dials Inn were turned down. One alone burned brightly.

"All who wish to go to their hapartments by the hellivator will please get haboard, has this his the last hellivator up for the night," said a voice not at all remarkable for its sweetness.

I stepped aboard the platform and took a seat. A man followed and took the seat opposite. We two were the only passengers on the elevator on its last trip up that night. My companion looked at me and I looked at him. I was not charmed with his physiognomy, and he may not have been with mine. The elevator stopped.

"Your keys, gentlemen," said the porter.

We produced them.

"Hon this hapartment," he said. "Rooms 98 and 99. Directly hopposite heach hother. Breakfast at the Seven Dials from 7 to 9. Good night, gentlemen."

I heard a noise. The elevator-man was going down. I turned the key in my door, and examined the lock closely. All seemed right. The reputation of the Seven Dials Inn was none of the best. I had applied to three hotels for lodgings. All were full, and as midnight was near became somewhat reckless. I did not like the looks of my fellow-passenger on the last elevator up. He was dark—had a look sinister, and he seemed to survey me from the corners of his sharp black eyes. He did not look me square in the face. In a word, I did not like the man's looks.

The wind was blowing a gale without, and the rain dashed fiercely against the window-panes. I placed my watch under my pillow, and my money was snugly stowed in my wallet in the pocket of my pants. I blew out the light, and in spite of the wind, rain, or the face of lodger in room 98, was soon fast asleep.

I must have slept soundly, for the morning's sun was peering through the window-panes when I awoke. I looked to the door; the key was upon the floor. I jumped from my bed and turned the knob—it opened. I felt for my watch under my pillow—it was gone. My pants were searched—I was moneyless.

The money I did not care for. The amount was small, as I had taken the precaution to deposit my funds in a bank that day.

The loss of my watch I grieved deeply. It was a valuable one—the gift of a deceased father. A thousand times its cost would not have purchased it from me.

"I have been robbed," I said to the clerk of the Seven Dials, "robbed last night in this house, of my watch and money."

"Himpossible," he said with a look of astonishment. "Did you lock the door of your room?" he asked.

"Yes, securely. But the key was upon the floor in the morning, the door closed, but unlocked, and my watch taken from under my pillow, and my wallet from my pocket."

"Much money in it?" he asked.

"No, but a trifle," I replied. "But my watch was valuable, and, as a keepsake, invaluable."

"Happy to the police," said the clerk. "Most hactive fellows in the world, these London police."

"I shall look to the landlord of the Seven Dials for the value of my stolen property," I replied. "I was robbed in his house, and he is legally liable."

"You 'av no proof you were robbed in this 'ouse," he said indignantly.

"I will swear to it," I said firmly.

"You are not hin Hamerica now. You are in Hingland, sir; in Hingland, and hin London, sir."

"The loss of my property proves that," I said quietly. "Oh, what is the name of the occupant of Room 98?" I asked.

The clerk took down the dirty and greasy register, and looked.

"Kingsly—'Enry Kingsly," he replied.

"Do you know the man?" I asked.

"Never seed him afore. Like yourself, transient; one of those fellows who never stops in one place but once to get robbed," he said, with a wink to a Cockney who stood near.

"You—your English soul," I thought, but made no reply.

"Do you remember the looks of the man in 98?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," I said. "Small man—black eyes—scar on his cheek—black hair—red nose—age, about forty."

"Happy to the police," replied the clerk, closing the register. "Give description hof the man has haccurately as possible, hand they will work hup the case."

I was confident the clerk at the Seven Dials knew Enry Kingsly well, but positive proof of the fact I was unable to adduce.

I felt the position which had been offered me most keenly. It touched my pride as an American, coming from the lips of an Englishman. I was in a strange land, however, with no one to attest or vouch for my character. What legal redress could I expect from the landlord of the Seven Dials for my stolen property?

* * * * * * * *

The English cracksman, burglar, or thief is the most expert, cunning, and crafty in the world. Charles Dickens, with wondrous power, has described their shrewdness and skill. Ainsworth, with felicitous pen, has described Petticoat lane, and St. Giles, with its professions and pupils, where crime is taught in all its branches and grades. The professional English burglar, pickpocket, or sneak-thief is advanced by his teacher as he becomes proficient in his art.

My companion on the "last hellivator hup" at the Seven Dials no doubt had a skeleton key to each room in the house. With a slender nippers he turned the key, and slid it from the lock. It was then but the work of a moment to enter my chamber. With noiseless tread, aided by the storm without, he deftly and dexterously removed my watch and wallet without waking me. Had I awoke and grappled with him, no doubt the villain was prepared to quiet me on the instant. It was fortunate for me perhaps that I escaped with my life.

I applied to the London police in hopes of regaining my property.

"Can you give a description of the man in room 98?" asked the captain.

I did so.

"What hassurance 'ave you as he was the man as hentered your room?" he inquired.

"None," I replied, "only the looks of the man."

"No proof whatever hin Hingland," he continued. "You lodged at the Seven Dials?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Better keep hout such 'otels," he said, "when you visit London again."

"I was a stranger," I answered.

"Your misfortune. Hit will be hexceedingly difficult to obtain your watch. A very liberal reward hoffered, and hoffering some hextra hinducements to the hofficers hin my command may produce happy results," said the Captain, placing his finger upon his red nose, and eyeing me sharply.

I delved the fellow's meaning in an instant.

"No!" I mentally said, "not a cent. Many a goose has been plucked here. I know of one at least who will leave England full-feathered."

* * * * * * *

I will here state to the reader that at this time I held a position of considerable responsibility on the New York police force. I did not make this fact known in London. My unfortunate adventure at the Seven Dials was not creditable to my shrewdness or sagacity, perhaps; furthermore, I did not wish it to be making known. My business to London was to trail, and capture if possible, a forger who, it was surmised, had flown to that locality. I was paid for that business, and had no right to waste time in hunting up my own loss.

I changed my quarters to the "Queen's Inn," whose reputation was untarnished. I left a minute description of my stolen timepiece with the clerk of the hotel, and funds sufficient to pay the reward I determined to offer.

I paid a round sum for its insertion in *The London Times*, and was laughed at afterwards for my credulity and folly by an English officer, who informed me that London burglars and thieves never returned stolen property for any reward that might be offered.

They were too cunning for that trap.

I left London the next day for Birmingham, and from there to Manchester and Leeds. I was absent for three weeks, and upon my return to London returned to the "Queen's Inn." The clerk handed me my money, and with a smile said:

"I guess this is your first visit to London."

"Yes," I said, and mentally added—"Hope it will be my last."

I was chagrined and disappointed. My bird whose wings I had come to England to clip had flown to Belgium. As no extradition treaty was in force between the two governments he was safe there.

I had been robbed and insulted in England. The steamer was to sail on the morrow, and was to bear me away. I had no cause to regret it.

I was on board the vessel some time before the hour named for her departure. I watched the passengers as they came on board.

A face once seen by me I seldom, if ever, forget. I had very good reasons to remember the clerk of the Seven Dials and the occupant of Room 98. I saw both step aboard. Two large-sized trunks followed their footsteps.

The late clerk at the Seven Dials wore a white neckcloth, and his whiskers and moustache had been shaven from his face. My companion on the last "hellivator hup" at the Seven Dials was still more perfectly disguised. The scar on his cheek he could not hide.

"Ah, my London larks," I thought, stepping back, "I will make it 'ot for you in Hamerica."

I returned to my state-room to meditate. I had two sagacious and shrewd villains to deal with. It was evident to my mind that the trunks contained plunder, and the, rascals were on their way to New York to dispose of the same, and to find a new field for operations. London, probably, was getting warm for them. Should either recognize me I would be foiled. My razor did its work cleanly, and a pocket handkerchief of spotless whiteness gave me a necktie full as elaborate and clerical as that worn by the late clerk of the Seven Dials. I looked in the glass.

"I shall be known on the broad Atlantic," I mentally exclaimed, "as the Rev. Charles Peterson, D.D."

The steamer sailed promptly. I passed my two friends a number of times on deck. I was fully confident that both utterly failed to recognize me.

On the fourth day out I casually chanced to form the acquaintance of the occupant of room 98 at the Seven Dials. He gave me his name as Hendeson—Robert Hendeson, on his way to New York to transact business for the well-known London house of Tannard & Co. He asked me my name; I gave it—Charles Peterson of New York. He seemed delighted at my vocation. "Hallow me," he said, "to introduce you to a friend hof mine hon board. 'Is vessel, ha distinguished clergyman hof London." I walked with him. We soon stood face to face with the late clerk at the Seven Dials.

"Rev. Mr. Olliway, hallow me to hintroduce you to the Rev. Mr. Peterson of New York."

We shook hands, and both bowed obsequiously.

"How long has you been in the ministry?" I asked the Rev. Mr. Olliway.

"Twenty years," he replied, with a sanctimonious look.

"Indeed! You have been a faithful servant of the Lord," I said.

"Yes; I have tried to be," he answered with a look of pious humiliation. "I am hon now on my way to New York hon a mission of the ministry."

"I am pleased to hear it," I said, "and will render you all the aid within my province and power."

Rev. Mr. Olliway bowed his thanks.

"Are you ever been in London?" asked the Rev. Mr. Olliway.

"No," I answered, "I came direct from Paris to Liverpool."

The Rev. Mr. Olliway of London, after some further desultory conversation, shook hands with the Rev. Charles Peterson of New York.

Both bowed graciously but meekly—to meet again.

* * * * * * *

After this interview I evaded Hendeson, alias 'Enry Kingsly, and the Rev. Olliway as much as possible. I kept my cabin to mature my plans to trap the London rogues.

I had no assurance that my prized watch was in either of the trunks, yet it might be. I was now fully confident that both of the scamps utterly failed to recognize me as a former guest of the Seven Dials.

I reflected upon what course to pursue. I might have them arrested in reaching New York. My chance in convicting the scoundrels dependent entirely upon what the trunk contained. If no plunder was found, both would mock and laugh at me.

"No, my London ladties," I said, "I am master of the situation. I know your vocation. I shall have a thousand eyes watching your movements within twenty-four hours after you are landed. I will bide my time!"

Soon after the steamers arrived in New York I notified the chief of my adventure in London, and my subsequent adventure with the rascals on shipboard.

He ordered a minute description furnished each officer, and their haunts and movements watched.

A month passed, and yet no act of a criminal nature had been committed by either. They had pawned plunder to numerous pawnbroker shops, but as my watch was not among the articles, I had no positive proof against them.

Six months passed—their funds gave out, and they had run to the end of the rope.

Now they became restless. Shrewd and cunning as the English rascals were, little did they dream that six months they were "spotted," and that their movements were daily detailed at headquarters.

At last they made a strike. Their plan was exceedingly cunning. It would have been successful had not their haunts and every movement been closely watched. They were caught and caged.

My two English birds were trapped.

Burglary was the charge—burglary in the first degree. The proof was positive and clear.

Seven years at hard labor in the State-prison," said Judge Foad.

I was detailed, at my request, to take the prisoners to Sing Sing. Both were securely handcuffed. On their arrival at that institution their names were asked.

"Hendeson—Robert Hendeson," said the one.

"Olliway, James Olliway," said the other.

"Keepy," said I, "allow me to introduce you to Kingsly—'Enry Kingsly, late lodger in room 98 of the Seven Dials Inn, London. Also allow me to introduce you to the Rev. Mr. Olliway, who crossed the Atlantic with me six months since. Rev. Mr. Olliway," I said, "I am the Rev. Charles Peterson of New York."

"The 'ell you are," said the man, as the fire shot from his eyes.

"Do not be profane, Rev. Mr. Olliway," I said. "After serving the Lord in 'Hingland for twenty years, you can now serve the State of New York in America for seven."

The villain glanced at me like an enraged tiger. He struck at me with his manacled hands; I evaded the blow, and soon the huge prison doors closed both men from my sight forever.

Holliway, two years later, killed a fellow convict, and was sentenced to prison for life. Hendeson made his escape, and never was recaptured. My watch I never recovered.

BASEBALL.

THE AMATEUR SEASON OF 1874.

THIRD ARTICLE.

The Play and the Players.

The first amateur game played in March 23, 1874, took place at Rondout, on which occasion the Active and White Cap Clubs played a match together under the ten-men-and-ten-innings rule, the former winning by a score of 26 to 16, the large increase being due to the damp and slippery condition of the ground. The first city game was that of March 28, when the first and second nines of the Nameless Club played at the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn—the former winning by 18 to 5. This was followed by a game between the Chelsea and Davis nines on the Capitoline Grounds on April 1, the Chelseas scoring 38 to 3 only, in an hour's play. By May the amateurs were busy, and the field, alike in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and some very fair play was shown. About this time there was a call from the quarters for the printed rules of the Amateur Association, but none were forthcoming, and the result was that matches had either to be played under the professional rules or not at all. In some cases it was left to the umpire to do as he liked, and the result was a mixed condition of things anything but satisfactory. The college clubs soon put the matter straight, however, so far as they were concerned, by deciding to play their championship contests under the only code then in print, viz., the professional, and the consequence was that their scores were marked by smaller figures, and their games by prettier fielding than those of any other class of amateurs. This season the Amateur Association, being conjointly upheld by officers who will rule it in the best interests of the game, will have their rules and regulations printed, and revolving ill shall thus be prevented. As a matter of reference, we give below the record of the best-played amateur games of 1874, which took place during the first month of the regular season, viz., May. We only give those games which did not exceed nine runs to the winning side, for it should be borne in mind that the standard of first-class professional match is five runs for the winning side in a full nine-innings contest, and that for the amateurs nine runs.

Chatham vs. Flying Arrow, New York	4 to 2
Raritan vs. Rose Hill, at Fordham	2 1
Diamond vs. Russ, at Hartford	6 1
Collins vs. Picked Nine, at Gloucester	6 1
Chatham vs. Olympic, at New York	2 1
Armenian vs. Eagle, at New York	7 2
Victory vs. Alaska, at Jamaica, L. I.	6 2
Easton vs. Princeton, at Princeton	7 4
Live Oak vs. Chelsea, at Lynn	7 4
Princeton vs. Germantown, at Phila	7 4
Metamoras vs. Independent, at Taunton, Mass	8 2
Excelsior vs. White Stockings, at Phila	8 2
Leader vs. Nassau, at New York	8 3
Arlington vs. Resting, at Evanston	4 3
Mohegan vs. Hoboken, at Hoboken	9 5

The games between professionals and college nines up to May 30 included the following fine contests:

Yale vs. Hartford, at New Haven	4 to 6
Princeton vs. Eureka, at Princeton	7 6
Yale vs. Atlantic, at New Haven	4 7

It will be seen by the above statistics that the opening part of the amateur season of 1874 gave promise of fine June out—the want of a definite code of rules prevented the fulfillment anticipated.

In order to show the period at which the amateur season opens in various parts of the country, we give below the dates of the opening match games of prominent clubs throughout the States in 1874.

The first match by the Ogdensburg, N. Y., Club in 1874 was played June 2nd. The Monticello Club of Georgetown, D. C., played their first game May 9. The White Stockings of Deering, Maine, began their club matches May 1. The Nationals of Washington re-entered the arena April 25. The Franklins of Chicago played their first match May 10. It was June before the Westerns of Keokuk played their first match. The Neshannocks of Newcastle, Pa., played their first game for the local championship on April 8, and the Mutuals of Meadville, Pa., July 4. It was June 17 before the noted Eagles of Louisville, Ky., took the field in a regular match. On May 14 the Upper Club of Webster, Mass., began to make things lively in a match game at Worcester, where they went for the disciples of the Holy Cross nine. In Sacramento, Cal., the Amity Club played their first game in 1874 on March 29, and the Eagle Club of Washington two months afterwards, May 28. It was June 16 before the Thistle Club of St. John, N. B.—the champions of New Brunswick—played a match game. The Iowa City Club took the field against the University team May 7. The Union Club of Buffalo was for the Queen Citys May 21, their first match. The Enterprise of Hempstead, L. I., played their first match May 23, and the Star of Boston—the crack junior team of the Hub—April 22. The Canadian Tecumsehs went for the scalps of the Hose Boys on May 5, their first match, while the Metacomets of Taunton, Mass., played their first regular contest of the season May 29, and a good game it was, too. The Peabodys of Baltimore played their first game May 20, and the Clippers of Sarnia, Canada, entered the field in a match game May 25. It was June 6 before the Bridgeport, Ct., nine got to work in a match, and July 4 before the Athens of New York did. The Atlantics of Hoboken, N. J., did not play their first game in 1874 until July 16. The Empires of St. Louis opened the ball April 21, and the Essex of Buffalo on June 12. The Reliance of Brooklyn began match-playing July 16, and the Confidence of New Rochelle May 5. The Mutuals of Jackson, Mich., began early, their first match occurring April 25, while it was June 13 before the Unions of Urbana, O., began. The Eastons took the field May 6. The Victory of Brooklyn began play May 2, and the Winonas of Flatbush, L. I., May 30. The Mystics of Brooklyn played their first match May 14, and the Chelseas April 1. The Montagues began April 3, and also the Powhattans. The veteran Knickerbockers did not play a match until June 6. The Riversions began play April 18, as did the Philadelphia Zephyrs.

The most brilliant season known in the annals of the college clubs was that of 1874, and it was marked by the success of the Yale College Club in winning championship honors not only from the Princeton Club, which flew the whip in 1873, but from their old adversaries the Harvards, who for years had held sway as the leading college club of the country. There is no questioning the fact that the college nines benefited considerably last season by their practice with professionals, some of their games equaling the best displays of their professional adversaries. The coming season will see the leading college nines striving more than ever for supremacy.

TRIGGER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING AT RIVERSIDE, N. J.

The sweepstakes gotten up under the management of Miles Johnson of Yardville, N. J., came off at Riverside, Burlington County, on March 10, and proved quite a sensational affair. The sweepstakes was one of $25 entrance, at twenty-five birds each, 21yds. rise and 80yds. boundary; 1½oz. shot, from five traps, and the rules of the Rhode Island Club, which limit the shooters to the use of one barrel, to govern. The day was remarkably pleasant overhead, but the ground, being deeply covered with snow, was far from pleasant to the shooters. The birds, which were furnished by Miles Johnson, were quick, strong flyers, which makes the score of the successful shooters all the more creditable. Fourteen contestants were entered, but the absence of the New York representative shooters, both amateur and professional, was the subject of much comment; the only one present being Mr. W. B. Ireland of Brooklyn. The great majority of the shooters were from the lower part of New Jersey, Philadelphia and the vicinity. The names of the contestants and the description of weapon used were as follows: W. Greenwood, Germantown, Pa., muzzle-loader; W. Carson, Philadelphia, muzzle-loader; R. Wood, Chester, Pa., muzzle-loader; W. Wilson, Frankfort, Pa., muzzle-loader; F. Holly, N. J., muzzle-loader; W. B. Ireland, Brooklyn, N. Y., breech-loader; A. Engel, Mount Holly, N. J., breech-loader; M. W. Wells, Burlington, N. J., breech-loader; E. Perry, Philadelphia, breech-loader; Vanderveer, Manalapon, N. J., muzzle-loader; Miles Johnson, Yardville, N. J., breech-loader; and J. Perry, Philadelphia, breech-loader. As most of the shooters used a single-barrel gun of an 8 or 9 bore, with a 1¼oz. load of shot, they had a decided advantage over those using breech-loaders of 10 or 12 bore, with only 1¼oz. load of shot. But the shooting altogether was of such a high character as has seldom before been witnessed. From the start, killing their first bird. Out of the first five rounds only 5 birds were missed; and out of the 292 birds shot at only 43 were missed. The final result was first money with a clean score of 25 killed; Mr. Carson, Philadelphia (a veteran shot) and Mr. Wood of Chester, Pa., dividing second and third money, with each a score of 24 killed out of 25; and Mr. Wilson of Frankfort, Pa., carrying off the fourth prize, his own entrance money, with 23 killed out of 25. All four of these successful shooters belong to Pennsylvania, and all of them used single-barrel muzzle-loaders. The superb shooting throughout is evidenced in the simple fact that Messrs. Klein and Wilson, who only missed 3 birds each out of the number they respectively shot at, did not win a prize. We give the summary:

RIVERSIDE, BURLINGTON CO., N. J., March 10.—Pigeon-shooting sweepstakes, $25 each, at 25 birds, 21yds rise, 80yds. boundary; 1¼oz. shot, from 5 traps, 80yds. distance; Rhode Island rules; 14 entries; $150 to the first, $100 to the second, $75 to the third, and $25 to the fourth.

W. Greenwood, Germantown, Pa.—11111 11111 11111 11111 11111—25 killed;
W. Carson, Philadelphia, Pa.—11111 11111 01111 11111 11111—25; killed, 24; missed, 1.
R. Wood, Chester, Pa.—11111 11111 11111 11101 11111—27; killed, 24; missed, 3.
W. Wilson, Frankfort, Pa.—11111 11111 11111 11001 11111—25; killed, 23; missed, 2.
F. Klein, Philadelphia, Pa.—11111 11111 11001 11111 11011—25; killed, 22; missed 3.
S. Smith, Mount Holly, N. J.—11011 11111 11011 11111 1010—23; killed, 20; missed, 4.
W. B. Ireland, Brooklyn, N. Y.—10111 11111 11111 11111 11101 0—21; killed, 18; missed, 3.
A. Engel, Mount Holly, N. J.—11111 11011 11011 11110 10—22; killed, 18; missed, 4.
F. C. Arnold, Beverly, N. J.—10110 10111 01101 11111—20; killed, 15; missed, 5.
E. Perry, Philadelphia, Pa.—11111 00111 11111 01110—19; killed, 15; missed, 4.
M. W. Wells, Burlington, N. J.—11111 11001 11111 101—18; killed, 15; missed, 3.
E. Vandeveer, Manalapon, N. J.—11111 11011 10011 0—16; killed, 12; missed, 4.
M. Johnson, Yardville, N. J.—11110 01111 00111 0—16; killed, 11; missed, 5.
P. Perry, Philadelphia, Pa.—11111 10001 0—11; killed, 7; missed, 4.

Referee—E. M. Huff, Trenton, N. J. Time of shooting, 3h. 15m.

THE SPRING MEETING AT CREEDMOOR.

The Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association have adopted the following programme for the opening meeting of the present year at the Creedmoor, L. I., range, to be held May 27, 28, 29:

First Day—Directors' match, open to all directors and honorary directors of the National Rifle Association; distance, 200 yards; two sighting and five scoring shots; entrance fee, $1; prize, Directors' gold badge. Second match, short range; two sighting shots and seven scoring shots; entrance fee, $1; prize not determined.

Second Day—Third match; Leech Cup; distance, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards; no sighting shots; no previous practice on the day of the match; fifteen shots at each range; the trophy to be held for the space of one year by the winner.

Third Day—Fourth match; military short range; distance, 200 yards; two shots sighting and seven scoring shots; distances, 500 and 600 yards; two sighting and seven scoring shots at each distance; prize, a Remington long-range Creedmoor rifle.

MAJOR MCKINLEY of Halifax, N. S., has been appointed commanding officer of the Canadian Wimbledon team.

THE TURF.

SALES OF THOROUGHBRED STOCK.—Colonel McDaniel has just purchased from W. E. Harper of Kentucky the c. m. Sally Watson, by Kingold, dam Ann Watson by Glencoe, together with two of her fillies; one five years old, by Colossus, in foal to Longfellow, and the other a yearling by imported Glen Athol. Sally Watson herself is in foal to Glen Athol, who is a son of Lexington Athol, the winner of the Derby and St. Leger, out of Greta by Voltigeur. Mr. Charles Lloyd the trainer, of Holmdell, N. J., has just purchased of J. Carter Brown of Rhode Island the b. c. Court Hampton, four years old, by Hampton Court, dam Echo by Lexington; he also sold to the same gentleman his three-year-old filly by Leamington out of Naphtha by Eclipse. A company of gentlemen in Stockton, Oregon, are negotiating for the purchase of the famous racer Joe Daniels, now in San Francisco, for trotting purposes. Messrs. Hopkins & Conlisk of Chicago, Ill., have purchased of Mr. James Morrill the well-known little race mare Lady Washington, formerly Maid of Orange, five years old, by Beacon, dam Maidenhood by Lexington. Her best performance on the turf was at Cleveland, Ohio, last year, where she ran a fifth heat in a best three-in-five race in 1:44½.

A THIRTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR PURSE.—The Pacific Jockey Club of California, encouraged by the brilliant success which has attended their enterprise for two years past in giving purses of $20,000 and $25,000 respectively for races of four-mile heats, now announce a purse of $30,000 in gold for a race of similar description over the Bay District Course in San Francisco in November next. There appears to be no limit to the enterprise and liberality of California turfmen, and we do not wonder that a veteran turfman like Captain T. G. Moore of Kentucky declares it to be the most enterprising State in the Union as regards its patronage of racing, and after forty years' experience in the States, extending from Maine to Florida, determines to make the Pac

DER DRUMMER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
DEDICATED TO GEORGE S. KNIGHT.

Who puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysters on der shell,
Und mit der fraulens cuts a schweil?
Der Drummer.

Who vas id gomes indo mine schlore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloer,
Und never schtops to shut der door?
Der Drummer.

Who dakes me op der hand, und say,
Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?
Und goes for peesnis righdt avay?
Der Drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me look und see how nice,
Und says I gets der pottom price?
Der Drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra fine
Vrom sharmany upon der Rhine,
Und sheats me den dimes outs of nine?
Der Drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,
Much less as vot I vould import,
But leis dem go as he vas short?
Der Drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers upon his route,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas id goot?
Der Drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I pin oudt,
Drinks oup my bier und eats mine krout,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout?
Der Drummer.

Who ven he gomes again dis vay
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes avay?
Der Drummer.

J. H. CIRKER.

TWO LIVES UNVEILED;

OR,

THE SECRET HISTORY

OF A

SUCCESSFUL MAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER,
BY VIDA VARRIE.

PART II.—CONTINUED.

An event which Mrs. W. actually thought providential occurred while this problem remained unsolved. Her husband was appointed a delegate to attend a convention at Harrisburg. He would leave the following week and be absent about ten days, possibly longer. She calculated the chances of future discovery, and, blinded by her eagerness to carry out her design, she was oversanguine. She flattered herself that the chances of detection were not one in a million, and she was resolved to do it.

The invitations were issued at once, and every arrangement completed before Mr. W. left home, and, three days after his departure, the event came off.

The company was small, for Mrs. W.'s means were limited, in the present case, to what small sums she could obtain from her husband under various pretexts, and what she could borrow of one or two confidential and sympathizing friends. But though small, it was a very "recherche affair," so the fashionable people said, and "passed off with great eclat."

The ambitious hostess was radiant the entire evening. All her strategic movements, her complicated plans, as well as her laborious reading exercises, were crowned with brilliant success. She was bewildered, intoxicated, with the applause lavished upon her.

Now, Bridget (who was the chambermaid), as well as the rest of the servants, had been expressly cautioned against mentioning the late entertainment in her master's presence, and Bridget was now making these developments on precisely the same principle that many persons always do things by contraries. It was simply a piece of blundering, and now that she perceived her error she promptly proceeded to make it worse.

"Oh, be gorry, now I've done it! What a bating I desarve, burn me! Sure, sir, the mistress, bless her pritty face, she'll kill me deader if she knows I told ye. She told me herself, with her pretty mouth, that I must n keep mum before your honor, and my old silly tongue has let the cat out of the bag. Plase, your worship, don't ye scold the young thing, for it was sich a jollification, an' sich nice people, and him that broke the image, Mr. Trevilla, was the biggest toad in the puddle, and he proved to be, for it didn't he give me a silver dollar, bless his handsome eyes!"

"No matter about further details, Bridget," replied Mr. Warden. He had listened stupefied, and now, pressing his hand on his forehead, which felt dull and cold, he sank into the nearest chair.

"You won't be scold the swate pritty thing, I hopes, sir," pursued Bridget, uneasy for her own sake, as well as concerned for her mistress.

"Go, go—you annoy me, Bridget; be a good, faithful servant, and you are safe," and Bridget, somewhat easier in her mind, departed.

Left to himself, Mr. W. sat staring at the shattered statue of Innocence. His home seemed in ruins at his feet. He felt cold, chilly, benumbed, too miserable to move, and an hour passed away while he sat there staring at that broken statue.

He was aroused by the announcement of a visitor. It was one of the church wardens and fashionable committee—a man of influence, wealth, and high social standing. He had called, he said, to confer with Mrs. Warden on the subject of the approaching exhibition to be given by the church; but, learning that she was out, he was about to leave his card, when the servant informed him of her absence and return, and he had entered for the purpose of congratulating his esteemed friend on the remarkable progress of his charming and devoted wife under the valuable tuition of her talented instructor, whose acquaintance he had had the pleasure of making on the occasion of Mrs. Warden's delightful entertainment last week.

He only regretted that Mr. W.'s distinguished honor in having been sent as a delegate to the convention had prevented his being present to witness the triumph of his wife, as well as to enjoy the recitations of her professor, who was, without doubt, a young man of great promise, of remarkable talent, and noble aspirations; and then Mr. W. learned with astonishment that the professor had already become an attendant at the church, and would figure prominently in the forthcoming festival for the benefit of a charity hospital.

When the visitor was gone Mr. W. attempted to arrange his thoughts. He loved his wife, and was proud of her social triumphs.

Might he not have erred, he asked himself, in discouraging the cultivation of those talents which others praised so highly, and had he not forced her to gratify her ambition clandestinely, by his unjust contempt of a man whom eminent authority pronounced worthy? Then he thought of the letter she had written to him the very day of her reception, every line of which was framed to deceive him; then of the commands laid on the servants to impose secrecy, and from these to the numerous details of the event which he knew must have absorbed all her thought, and yet none of it had escaped her. She had deceived him completely, and in bitterness of soul he sat staring at the broken statue of Innocence.

Meanwhile, Bridget, in the warmth of her good Irish heart, bewailing the slips of her tongue, was on the watch for her mistress. No sooner had she arrived than Bridget intercepted her and confessed her sin, hoping thereby to expiate it.

"Now, you jess go to the master, and you let on you haven't seen me, and you tell him affectionate like, that you had a little party while he was gone, and you did it a purpose not to disturb him with the noise and the nonsense, for you knows well enough the likes o' him wants the house cleaned up an' in apple-pie order aginst he comes home, to be sure; and now, darling, you do as I tell ye, and he won't be hard on ye, for they say confession is good for the soul."

Mrs. W. listened, appalled. Unheeding the advice of Bridget, she tottered to her room, locked the door, and gave herself up to deep lamentation. She dared not meet her husband till the fury of the storm abated. She resolved to feign illness till his anger had had time to subside; so, summoning Bridget, she sent to her physician for a prescription, and directed the servant to report her illness to everyone who inquired for her. She was in reality far from well. She had failed in her endeavors to replace the broken statue, and this terrible shock of exposure added to her fatigue, and anxiety had completely prostrated her nervous system. Had she acted upon Bridget's advice, it would have done much toward effecting a reconciliation with her husband, whose only hope was that she would confess and repent; but in the report of her illness he saw nothing but shame, fear and impenitence, and, instead of relenting, his bitterness and wrath were augmented. He dined alone, and then went to the library to write. His head was clear and no part of his business escaped his attention, but he worked with a heavy consciousness of sorrow.

It was late when he arose to retire for the night. Pondering upon the reception his wife would offer him, and wondering painfully whether she had slept without his forgiveness, he went slowly and sadly to his room. His hand was upon the latch of the door, when again there rushed over him in full force the thought of his wife's duplicity and cruel disregard of her husband's feelings in receiving that young man beneath his roof; and a deep feeling of indignation and aversion, amounting almost to loathing, took possession of him. His hand fell from the latch of the room, and he turned away with a sickened heart, and entered another.

Within that room from which her husband had turned so abruptly the unhappy wife was listening intently for his approach. She heard the shutting of the library door through the stillness of the house; then, closing her eyes and feigning sleep, she lay trembling as she heard the footsteps on the stairs. When they reached the door her heart was violently throbbing; the steps hesitated, then turned away. She heard the lock turn in the next room; then, with pallid face and hands clasped over her heart, she arose and crouched by the fire, for she seemed freezing. She listened, long hoping he might yet relent and return; then the church bells sounded midnight, and she arose and locked the door.

Feeling herself deeply injured by this neglect, her heart was filled with bitter resentment, utterly obscuring a true perception of her own fault and the requirements of duty. She returned to her bed, resolved to teach her husband that she was henceforth no longer a child that must seek permission for every act of its life, and, if he dared reprimand her for her recent clandestine manœuvres, she would defend and justify every act she had done.

When the husband and wife met at breakfast the next morning, he was grave, but kind and respectful; she, though inwardly surprised and much mollified by her husband's subdued manner, was, nevertheless, as predetermined, haughty, disdainful and defiant. No allusion was made by either to the subject of their differences. They conversed formally on various foreign matters, and then Mr. W. went down-town to his office without his usual leave-taking. As soon as he had left, his wife, considering the offense against herself augmented by this coldness, went spitefully across the street to seek reprisal by taking an extra lesson (for this was not the day for her regular instruction), and then, with the average woman's fondness for sympathy, she explained to Trevilla that her husband had been so shamefully angry on account of the theatricals that she had come to drown her misery by taking another lesson.

With the utmost delicacy and discretion he condoled with his pupil, gently pressing her hand, and saying, in a soothing voice, he was sure her husband's anger could not be otherwise than brief, as no mortal man could long remain angry with so charming and amiable a wife.

For some reason or other, Emmie was wonderfully consoled by this gallant speech. The strong iciness which she had exhibited to her husband was thawed out, and she was now in a melting mood.

She commenced to read, but faltered; her voice trembled, and the tears rose to her eyes. Her kind and sympathizing teacher silently pressed her hand, in token of his deep commiseration, and, thus sustained, she contrived to proceed for a few moments, when she broke down altogether, and burst into tears, exclaiming:

"It's no use! I wish I were dead!"

On the instant Trevilla was at her feet. He implored her for his sake not to weep, telling her it was agony for him to gaze upon the sufferings of one he loved, adored and worshipped so madly as he did her, and yet for whom he could do nothing but stand by, a witness of her daily sacrifice to a man who was insensible to her beauty, oblivious of her virtue, and ignorant of her talents.

"Hush! hush! not for worlds would I have married woman!" interposed Emmie.

"Forgetit! Never! I wish I *could* forget it for one short moment. In that brief oblivion I would revel in a lifetime of purest bliss! But pardon me," he continued dejectedly, "you have no right, and, I am sure, no wish, to hear this. You may not love your husband, but I could stake my soul's salvation you are true and honorable. For myself, nothing but the sight of your precious tears could have wrung this agonized avowal from my heart."

They settled in maidenly fashion they said, "forever," by mutually agreeing never again to refer to it in the remotest way, and then Emmie, with a new and dangerous kind of happiness in her heart, returned home. Nothing could have convinced her, at this time, that either she or her teacher was in any manner responsible for the events which they were both victims of cruel circumstances; and, while it was folly, she thought, to expect him to resist loving her, so it was improbable that she could have exercised any influence to restrain the confession. As for reproving him, she would not, for the sake of his manifold excellences, his need of support, and poor Trevilla had only his magnificent brains. No, a divorce would not do; but if that detested man were dead, she would have all to bestow on her adorer. Now she could understand how people were tempted *to murder!* She almost felt that she could rise from her bed and plunge a dagger into the heart of that wretched clod sleeping next door. It was a fearful thought; it had rushed upon her in the darkness of the night, making her soul recoil at its first appearance; but again and again it returned, and she gave it entertainment till her head was bewildered with all the grand possibilities such a deed might achieve.

For detection was sure, and she shuddered as fancy pictured the horror of her noble teacher as soon as he heard of it. She bade the murderous thought begone: still, she thought there was such comfort in seeing that man dead, if only in fancy, that she would allow her mind to wander in search of some secret means for his taking-off. Then the idea of poison presented itself. She was fascinated and held captive by the thought. For hours she tossed upon her pillow with this in her mind. She wondered if she had not lost her reason—perhaps she was mad. She arose, struck a light, and looked in the glass. Her face and head were feverishly hot, her cheeks were scarlet, and her eyes unnaturally lustrous. She touched her wrists—her pulse was throbbing too violently to count, and she felt that another soul, or a whole legion of souls, had taken possession of her body, and all of them had debated the question and resolved upon murder. The way, the poison, the dose, the time, the place—each separate circumstance had passed in hideous detail through her fevered brain, making her resolution stronger, deeper, more real; and when she rose from her sleepless couch that bright, fair morning, she felt herself in heart and soul what she soon would be in act—a murderess.

At the usual hour that morning she went to take her lesson. She was excited, flushed, and spoke in agitated tones; and when she found that her teacher perceived her emotion, she threw herself upon his breast, exclaiming:

"You little know what a fearful night I have passed! You little know what I can bring myself to do, to make you happy!"

He was really surprised, but soothed her agitation, and so adroitly displayed his lofty soul that Emmie felt frightened to contemplate how nearly she had betrayed her secret. Regaining her self-possession, she succeeded in deceiving the deceiver with the belief that her agitation arose from a contemplation of a divorce. Hearing this, Trevilla, both her hands in his, and kissing them chastely, said piously:

"No, my poor lady—let us bide Heaven's own good time; and now, once more, farewell to this dangerous subject."

TO BE CONTINUED.

DUSTER AND HIS RIDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

Colonel Dallas used to amuse his guests, and slightly annoy his wife, when the question was asked:

"How long have you been married, Colonel?"

"Ask my wife or my wig," he would briefly respond; "they both became a portion of me contemporaneously."

Now, as both the Colonel and his wife were uncommunicative, and as the wig of course was a totally silent partner in the firm, much curious speculation had arisen in the village over this simple matter, while many a tea-table had gossiped over the singular association of the wife and the wig.

At a wedding-party, however, when exhilarated by conversation and good wine—and in utter disregard of his wife's admonitory forefinger—the Colonel exploded the secret, and Everton was happy.

"I commenced the active duties of life," he said, "in the —th Cavalry; and our regiment was soon proceeding towards that part of the country now called Kansas. There had been serious trouble with the Indians, and Mr. Seminoles, particularly, had been ferociously bloodthirsty. We were then reported to be in war-paint. Our company was ordered to Fort Warren, west of the Canadian River; and we hadn't been there a week before a gashed settler came running into camp and told our captain that a company of Lute strolling players had been barbarously murdered, and their horses and wagons carried off by the red miscreants.

"The scene of the massacre was a score of miles off, and the Indians were reported to be in considerable force; but Captain Jackson was a Hotspur, and in half an hour every man in the company was in the saddle in full pursuit of the treacherous redskins. We were all young, healthy and high-spirited, and as one man we urged forward our foaming steeds—like ourselves, apparently, eager for the fray.

"Three hours' hard riding brought us upon the band of Seminoles. Our approach was totally unexpected, and our dashing, helter-skelter attack threw them into confusion and dismay. They were so absolutely panic-stricken that they were powerless for resistance, and fled like a herd of scared bisons. Fifteen of them were killed, and several, severely wounded, made their escape. They had butchered the unfortunate players before our attack, with the exception of one delicate boy, whom they had bound hand and foot. We rescued the boy and captured several mules and ponies, with two wagons containing dresses and "properties" belonging to the travelling actors.

"'O General!' cried the little fellow when he recovered from his bewilderment, 'let Duster and me go with you, and we'll help you whip the Indians. They killed poor father and Uncle Pete, and they beat me like a dog when I tried to save them.'

"I tell you there wasn't a dry eye among us when the orphan made this piteous appeal, and we all felt as if we had found something to love and protect when the captain said:

"'Why, of course, sonny, you shall go with us; but what's Duster, and where is he?'

"'He's the trick pony, General; there he stands, looking at us, on the knoll beyond. He's so wise, General—wiser nor some men, father used to say —'

Here a paroxysm of tears prevented further utterance.

"Forthwith Duster was coaxed into the circle; and with the wagons and cattle we started back to the fort. Lute Butler, as the boy called himself, was soon a prime favorite in the fort; but Duster was stubborn, vicious, and guilty of most of the mortal sins peculiar to the equine race. Yet he was a beautiful creature, with a glossy, jet-black coat and sweep mane and tail, and as docile and playful as a kitten when Lute handled or rode him.

"Great anticipations of fun, arising from Duster's performances, were, however, suddenly dispelled by the savage fact that the fort had been stealthily and completely surrounded by over two thousand Seminole warriors. They had crept in under the cover of a storm; and when the warring winds died away, and the landscape was left sleeping in bright tranquillity, a terrible fight for life with the infernal reds ensued. The odds were fearfully against us, though we had but a slender supply of ammunition or food. None could be procured nearer than Fort Cobb, across Panther Creek, twenty-five miles away; and the cunning savages were gradually contracting the cordon they had established round us. To add to the desperation of our strait, a terrific thunderstorm then broke over us; and a gleaming bolt of lightning exploded our magazine, killed most of our horses, and destroyed our provisions. With hushed voices we looked at one another questioningly, and, while the rain came down in torrents, strong men thought tenderly of their friends far away. The query: 'What does Captain Jackson intend to do?' was upon every lip, and yet remained unspoken.

"Meanwhile the captain himself was quietly chatting to the boy Lute Butler, and the storm had abated. The mists rose, and the stars came out. There was serene peace in the heavens, desolation in the camp, and the implacable red foe without. The captain reconnoitred with his field-glass.

"'When that star has easterned until it is over yon rock, it is directly over the wooden bridge,' said he to Lute. 'Then —'

The boy turned hastily away.

"'There are some natures so linked to the savage love of enterprise that they seek peril as a pleasure,' said Captain Jackson to me; 'and this boy is one of them.'

"Before I could reply, the lad appeared, mounted on the trick pony. A tin dish was fastened between the animal's ears, and the rider cried cheerily:

"'Come, captain; it's time.'

"Duster and his youthful rider proceeded to the gate of the fort, followed by the officer and his wondering command. A light was struck, the gate was thrown open, and simultaneously the pony and the boy burst through it like a flaring meteor; for the tin dish emitted a fierce, red, hissing glare that dyed the steed and rider blood-red, and lit up the herbage and bushes through which they flew, as if by some diabolical necromancy. The Indians yelled as if they believed the Great Spirit were sweeping down upon them in bloody vengeance, and the fiery pony and his dauntless rider swept scatheless through their trembling ranks.

"But, lack-a-day! the 'red-fire' that Lute had got from the property wagon would not burn forever; and when it died out the Indians were quick to discover that a trick had been played upon them. Soon a score of mounted braves were in mad pursuit of the boy and the pony. It was a race of life or death. The fugitives had some advantage in the start. Could they keep it?

"Lute used neither whip nor spur, but admonished Duster with voice alone. The sagacious creature responded as if an empire depended on his prowess. Behind us bounded like a pack of wolves; but not a single false step on the part of the pony, and the fair-haired, blue-eyed boy would look on the world for the last time!

"Panther Creek bursts on the rider's vision. But what a creek! Swollen by the heavy rains, it is rushing along in a raging, surging mudd n flood. The slender wooden bridge no longer cresses it. The farther end is loosened, and the structure is beginning to swing into the angry flood. All this the youthful rider sees and comprehends ere he reaches it. But he never dreams of drawing bridle; for the Seminoles are behind him, yelling, and before him, in triumph. An energetic word of encouragement, and Duster by a mighty spring lands on the bridge just as the whole structure was swept away, rocking and twisting in the frantic torrent. The pony's weight, in a measure, steadies it—keeps it from keeling clean over. The yelling Indians come to a halt along the bank; but they are soon left far behind.

"Lute clasps Duster with the desperation of despair. The bridge now sweeps along the swift descent lengthwise, like a log in a rapid current; but nothing except a singularly intelligent animal, like a beaver or this pony, could have maintained a footing on it. Down the foaming rapids pony and boy were swept. The moon is bright above, and at the thought of the fearful peril that may any moment overtake them the boy feels as if his reason would fall him. But his anxiety is all the while divided between his companion and himself. He has no thought of compassing his own safety by the sacrifice of Duster. A dark bar discovers itself deadahead, and there is darkness as of the solid ground beyond. Perplexed and apprehensive, he gazes. Ah! the truth flashes upon him—it is a bend in the stream. In less than five seconds he comprehends that when the stream is in its ordinary condition there are high banks at the outer sweep of that bend; but now it is nearly or quite level-full with the eddying torrent. He feels that they must either perish or be saved at that bend. One end of the bridge would strike the bank there, and the other would wheel plunging round and drown Duster and himself in the raging whirlpool.

"'There was but one desperate course left for safety; but there were a thousand chances against its success. He spoke to Duster and waited. The shock came. The end struck. The pony and rider darted along the rocking, creaking planks, and, with a sight-ful leap, hung half on land, half in water, while the bridge left them and was twisted like a huge saurian through the whirlpool.

"Through courage and presence of mind on the part of Lute, seconded by intelligent patience on the part of Duster, the pair scrambled on terra-firma. The animal was strangely affected by the boon his safety was assured. He trembled and shook, and was unable to move at more than a snail's pace. Consequently, much time was lost in reaching Fort Cobb and alarming our comrades there.

"Meantime the cordon of Seminoles surrounding us in Fort Warren began cautiously to creep in. The long night seemed to hang on leaden wings, for no succor arrived. The conviction that had been gradually growing upon us seemed to be confirmed—the boy and the pony had perished.

"Captain Jackson, who had been chafing under this enforced inactivity, determined on a daring move. Lute should be drawn, and, with the five poor horses we had, another attempt should be made, under the cover of a rapid discharge of our remaining ammunition, to break the enemy's lines. I was one of the fortunates who drew a prize. My horse was a sorry, shambling animal; and, just as our daring dash was proving a success, I received a bullet in my bridle-arm, the rein slackened, and down went horse and rider, rolling ignominiously together. I had presence of mind. I lay as one stark dead, with mouth open and limbs limber. A young brave approached, spurned me with his foot, removed my scalp with a horribly painful gash, when, just as he was preparing to strip me, the sounds of shouting and musketry fell upon his quick ear, and he bolted.

"Assistance had arrived from Fort Cobb, and every man in the company, except myself, was safe.

"But little further remains to be told. The captain sent me to the little village where now stands the city of Denver; and Luke and Duster accompanied me. The boy was my orderly, and a patient, kind and attentive one he was. He ——"

"There, that will do, Colonel!" burst in Mrs. Dallas.—"no flattery."

"Flattery!" cried everyone in astonishment.

The Colonel smudged and chuckled till he grew red in the face; and the lady continued:

"You see, my poor father thought when we were traveling through the Indian territory that I had better wear ——"

"Boys' clothes!" roared the Colonel. "That is how my wife and my wig came to be associated, you see."

TEDDY O'REILLY'S PARTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN DUDLEY.

Teddy O'Reilly was a jolly ould chap,
He said he'd be happier if he was only a pap,
And he thought it was queer,
That for over tin year
He'd been wedded, but divil a child did appear.

And often his friends would jokingly ask:
"How's the child, Teddy, does it take to its flask?"
But Teddy would say,
In a misthirious way:
"Yez kin laugh, but ye know every dog has his day."

Now one mornin' early a rumor wint round
(Which surprised everyone in the town)
That the night before
Teddy woke from his snore
To find himself layther ave twins, to be sure.

Thin Teddy got up a nate little party,
There came the McMullins, and Shorty McCarthy,
Wid nosey O'Rourke,
A swate looking bloke
Who came dressed up in his gran'fayther's coat.

And Judy McFadden, she came wid her Pat,
And Brian O'Farrell, who wore a "plug" hat;
Wid dirty-face Dick,
A red-headed mick,
And twinty-four others whose names I forgit.

The ladies were trated to pound-cake and punch,
The b'ys smoked, drank, and talked in a bunch;
And forty times o'er
That evening they swore:
"Such a grand party had ne'er been before."

Soon someone requested yenng Brian O'Farrell
To sing thim a song; so he mounted a barrel;
But the head being thin,
It bushted right in,
And down wint Brian, chock up to his chin.

Teddy got up thin to dance 'em a jig,
But Shorty the divil had let in a pig—
It ran at the lad es,
And frightened the babies,
And tripped up ould Teddy, who measured like blazes.

Teddy then swore: "'Twas that blackguard McGuire
That let in the pig;" but Mac says, "You're a liar!"
Thin Teddy struck out,
And hit him a clout
That sint Mr. Mickey a-whirling about.

Mickey's fayther then took up the job,
And he hit ould Teddy a slap in the gob,
And Teddy went down,
Wid a thunderin' sound,
That shook all the saints for miles around.

Thin the rest of the party got in an uproar,
Knocking each other all over the floor;
Breaking up chairs,
Pulling out hairs,
And throwing the pots and the kittles down-stairs.

Poor Shorty McCarthy wid fright thin did cry,
For someone had hit him a tap on the eye,
And behind the stove
He suddenly drove,
For a bottle of gin at his head was hove.

Tumblers and bottles wint skipping about,
Till one hit the lamp, which put the light out;
And soon overcome
Wid fighting and rum,
They dropped off to sleep, which ended the fun.

And the next mornin' when they awoke,
Each looked at the other, but not a word spoke;
So wid heads big as two,
Wearing hats all askew,
The guests staggered homeward, feeling quite blue.

* * * * * * *

One night they all met, and wid great propriety,
Voted to join a temperance society;
And each man did agree
To drink nothing but tea;
Thin they all drank success to their new victory.

CARITA,

Or, the Shadow in the Air.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

She was a slender slip of a girl, not more than fifteen, though looking older because of the careworn wrinkle between her straight brows, and the tired, wistful look in her dark eyes. Not strange—for in all that weird, strained, unnatural thing her life had always been, she had known no childhood. Thrown, haphazard—as too many of God's children are—into a world already full before she came, its end was but the logical result of its beginning. Very grave and quiet, you might have known Esther Bradshaw a year without seeing her smile. Bound in her sympathies—those said who could not know the inward rebelling that made up her life; for, in little things, as in great, she suffered as dumb animals do, without cry or moan.

Her father—an unknown quantity—existed only in name; her mother came, whence no one knew; gone, none knew, or cared whither—when, one fine night, she danced herself into her grave, leaving to her child only a confused recollection of lights and music and sudden, startled cries, hushed by strange yet kindly voices; the dull thud of the quick-dropping curtain, that shut out the thousand curious eyes, and the white, white face upturned and motionless, with the red blood staining the gauzy dress, and bare, uncovered neck of the dead coryphee.

Thus, the Midge, as the child was called, became a compulsory ward of the management, which arrangement they not concurring in any too cordially, she was allowed short time for her election between the Asylum and the honorable—though wearisome—independence of the boards. Naturally enough, she chose the latter, as the only life of which she knew anything, and in which she was, at four years of age, already a veteran.

As time wore on, Esther was handed over to the professional care of Dan Bradshaw, whose last pupil had wound up her acrobatic career by a well-timed somerset out of his hands into the care and keeping of a husband, leaving that "impressario," for the time being, "without visible means of support." How little do you—to whom the world hidden behind "the glittering horseshoe" seems so bright—know of the bitter experience and training that are required to work out from this stern school the artists who nightly delight you with her graceful movements or her daring exploits?

Under this terrible apprenticeship, doubly hard to a child of her peculiar, sensitive nature, Esther passed eleven long years of servitude. Of the failures, the disappointments, the heart-burnings, the jealousies, that go to make up an actor's life, she had sounded the depths; and hunger, cold and abuse she knew only too well. Until—"Oh, to be away from it all"—away from the never-ending glitter and glare, the torturing maze of wires and ropes and pulleys—more than all, away from the hated voice of her master, and to go out into the untried world beyond the footlights—became the burden of her thoughts.

But into this life, which knew of Hope only its longing, there had blossomed, in secret and silence, and almost unknown to herself, a love which was to be the one glimpse of heaven that had come to her arid existence. There was absolutely nothing in this part of Esther's story, nothing tangible to take hold of or relate; you cannot grasp the effulgence of star or sun—you are only aware of the fact of its being; and yet the light and the joy of it has flooded her whole life. True, he had spoken to her but once, and that on an occasion when a partial failure of her "Act" had brought down on her the vengeful wrath of Bradshaw; but in his frequent comings and goings—for he had the entree of the theatre—he never failed in a kindly nod or smile of recognition, or a pitying smile or a nod—and yet worth the wealth of Indies to that poor, starved heart! Once, in passing, Jasper Irwin's hand had touched hers—he did not even know it—but that night Esther lay awake in the cold silence of her lonely room, the hand his touch had made sacred clasped close to her breast, and covered with her own passionate kisses.

Do you laugh at this love as impossible, absurd? Cynic that you are! know that our love for the Ideal, the Unknown, is the one romance of life.

A wretched, dreary morning, with the everlasting drip, drip, and the dismal, unhappy wailing of the chill November wind outside; and within, a scene made more noticeable by the flickering gaslight over the prompter's table, that still left the huge stage full of dank, unwholesome shadows. Miscellaneous piles of accessories encumbered the entrances. Hetheric red fire had served for each transition mimic feast, the Fairy Gorgeous-eyes' dress wings, shabby viols, drums and horns that formed the dresses of children in the Musical March, all heaped in ignominious confusion. The boxes and tiers were still shrouded in their night robes of coarse white muslin, and along the galleries the scrubbers hovered ghostlike with pails and brooms. Down in the orchestra the fiddles scraped and shrieked in preparation as the ballet came trooping in, in their short, stringy skirts and worsted leggings, gaping, scolding, shivering and crowding to their morning's practice.

Two hours of sharp work, and then they all trooped back again into the semi-darkness of dressing-rooms and wings. Only two persons remained—Esther and a man who had sauntered in, with the stump of an unlighted cigar between his teeth, and his hands in his pockets.

Esther, seated on a vacant throne, and dreamily watching the dancers, was yet unaware of their departure, until the latter's entrance made her spring suddenly to her feet. But quick as was her motion, she had not been quick enough to elude the touch of the newcomer's hand, which rested heavily on her shrinking shoulder.

The well-worn waterproof in which she had been enveloped dropped from her shoulders, and she stood before him lithe, erect and defiant almost, in the scant yet graceful garb of the trapeze artist. His eye rested on her a moment approvingly.

"Well, I s'pose you've made up your mind about that little matter, eh?" were the first words he said. "She's waitin' for his answer—them kind don't wait long on women—'as good fish in the sea,' you know—'cut, and come again'—etceteray, etceteray."

Esther shuddered.

"It's a good chance, Esther; and, if you do well, he'll do the fair thing by you. He's got it right sharp; and it's a heap better than knockin' round country swingin' on bars, though you do do that 'double act' elegant, and no mistake. I wonder the profesh don't rise right up agen your leaving 'em. But it's a selfish world—a selfish world!" He sighed lugubriously, as though the hope of retributive justice were too delightful to be indulged in. "Jim Dyke, he said to me ——"

"Don't speak his name!" Esther broke out vehemently. "You ask me for my answer—it is *no*, so, NO!"

Bradshaw stared in mute amazement. In all these years he had never dreamed of the possibility of rebellion; and here it was—bold, uncompromising rebellion.

"You aint one bit like your mother, Esther; she was all gentleness and yieldingness, she was."

"No, I'm not like my mother," she said slowly; "else I should have been lying by her side long ago. Maybe you wish I was? Well, you can drive me there, but you *can't* drive me to marry *that man*."

"Oh, I can't, can't I?" and Dan grinned malevolently. "Maybe you think I don't know what all this moaning means? Maybe I don't see you watching and watching, till a certain person comes in; and one dark'g dash was proving a success, I received a bullet in my bridle-arm, the rein slackened, and down went horse and rider, rolling ignominiously together. I had presence of mind. I lay as one stark dead, with mouth open and limbs limber. A young brave approached, spurned me with his foot, removed my scalp with a horribly painful gash, when, just as he was preparing to strip me, the sounds of shouting and musketry fell upon his quick ear, and he bolted.

"Assistance had arrived from Fort Cobb, and every man in the company, except myself, was safe.

"But little further remains to be told. The captain sent me to the little village where now stands the city of Denver; and Luke and Duster accompa-

gasped, her slender form trembling and her dark eyes dilated with fear and passion. "Beat me, starve me, do anything you will—but that!"

He had the tender, helpless thing under his brutal hand, and he meant to make the most of his power.

"No 'buts' with me. You'll say you'll take Jim Dyke, or I'll tell on ye, by G—d!"

He turned on his heel.

"Stop! Stop! From my babyhood you have lived on my labor, while you made my life a hell with blows and curses, and cold and hunger. You have blasphemed the name of 'father' in taking it on yourself. I am *not* your child, and I owe you no duty. That is my answer."

Her voice had dropped back into its old, quiet tone, and her face was turned from him, else, had Dan Bradshaw seen the new look in her eyes, he might have hesitated in his course. But he did not see. So does Fate so often hide from us the one token by which we might triumph, or, at least, save ourselves from disaster and defeat.

"Reckon she'll come round," was that worthy's silent comment as he went out.

I said there were but two persons present—there was a third. Down in the orchestra, a meek-faced, disappointed-looking man, whose like you will see in every orchestra, playing some minor instrument, sat silently watching the speakers. "Cymbals," as Joe Barber was familiarly called, had added to the one hopeless passion of his life—the desire to be a musician—an equally hopeless passion for Esther. But, even in his hours of dull despair, and they were many, this secret of his heart lay too near that heart's core for Joe to make it part of his general unhappiness. It rather stood apart and distinct; so much greater than any other joy or grief could possibly be, that it had come to be—strange paradox!—the light and blessing of his life, purifying him from all baser feelings. In every heart that truly loves lies a power strong enough to move a world.

During all that scene, Joe had never once moved from his dusky corner, but when Dan went out he scrambled up to the stage, and stood irresolutely at a distance, waiting for Esther to see him. She did, at once.

"Have you been here all the time?" she asked. Joe nodded silently.

"Then you heard what Dan said to me?" Again he nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

"Yes," she went on, plating her fingers tightly together, to stop them trembling, and with a smile that made her hearer's heart ache. "I am to marry Jim Dyke. Isn't that enough to make a girl like me happy?"

Love makes us all supremely selfish, and her thoughts were far away from him.

"O Esther! may I?" and Joe actually caught one small, cold hand in his own big red ones.

"Dear old Joe!" and then—don't be shocked, reader; she was "only an actress," and could not be expected to be cognizant of the merciless decrees of the social law—she got up on the table, as most women, father would have scorned to do an action which she feared to have known—she laid her arm tenderly about his neck, and said gravely, "Dear Joe, you think I don't know how much you love me, but I do—there! not that way"—for he was kissing her hands rapturously —"but as the best and truest friend a girl ever had. You heard that man threaten me this morning? Well, he means all he says, and more, too. There is only one thing for me to do, and I mean to do it!"

"O Esther, there is a terrible look in your eyes! What is it you are going to do?" The hand that still lay round his neck was playing with his hair.

"I am going to get away from it all, Joey. That's all."

A look of bitter pain swept over his face. "Not that," he muttered—"not that!"

"Don't fret, dear; I'm not going away with him." And Esther smiled faintly, as the far-away look deepened in her eyes. "There's a great unknown world beyond this narrow life of ours, and I want to find it."

"Esther, from the time when I found out there was more music in my heart than I could get out of the instruments, I haven't had any place or right in the world; but, if I can help you to bear some of your trouble, I'll feel that there is something for me to do here, after all."

What right had this insignificant atom to the loving heart that was shining up through his eyes, where so many of the brave and beautiful wear stones in their breasts instead?

"Dear Joe! the world needs just such as you. There's plenty can make music, but not many can love as well." She brushed away a great tear that had dropped unheeded on his shabby coat, but her own eyes were dry. He did not offer again to take her hand; something—her frank admission of her affection for him—made it impossible.

"Listen to me, now. I want you to promise me something. To-night I am going away—I don't know where yet, but somewhere *they* can't find me. I shall send something to you; and I want you to give a letter to a certain person for me after the performance. He will understand it. Will you? Now I must go to my practice—I must do that new leap to-night, and I feel very nervous over it, somehow."

Then Joe went away without another word, and Esther went wearily to her work.

A few hours later, and as by the wave of an enchanter's wand the scene changed. With the electric touch, boxes, parquet, and even the distant galleries blossomed into a brilliant parterre of scarlet. From the softly shaded lamps, like clustering opals in a golden setting, to the centre chandelier that glittered and flashed, and quivered and scintillated, as if in a blissful tremor of delight at its own bright beauty, streamed the mellow radiance that changed the bleak darkness of the day into the gorgeous and fairy-like visions of the night. Even the archlike intricacy of ropes and bars lost their sinister look when the light came to drive the goblin shadows back to their lurking-places. It was a benefit night, and the house in every direction was in excellent humor. complacent mood, for these human barometers, whose lives lie in the emotional, are painfully susceptible to every variation in their audiences.

Bradshaw had put on his professional smile with his professional coat, and with a rose in his buttonhole, shining out beaming welcome with his jewelled hands, and gorgeous watchchain stretching across his white waistcoat, surveyed himself in the "green-room" mirror with undisguised satisfaction. Altogether, Dan Bradshaw, when he "meant business," and was going accordingly, was a person for whom he felt the utmost respect and esteem.

The merry "Mime" had gone through half his tricks, and was resting from his mirthmaking labors and refreshing himself with a huge mug, while mischievous Columbine beguiled the waiting moments with a generous draught, the buzz of conversation and laughter kept in check by the watchful ear and stern voice of the prompter.

The curtain was about to rise on the third act. There was a general clearance of the stage and "mugs" of the bustling, chattering horde. Dan alone remained, carefully examining the rope, and Esther awaiting her signal to enter.

Twice he spoke to her, but she did not seem to hear him.

"You wanted to see me, Esther." She turned quickly enough; it was Joe.

The latter started back when he saw her face; it was so deathlike in its pallor.

"Never mind," she said, understanding his look. "I've had another talk with *him*, that's all."

Joe ground his teeth hard. On the smooth, round arm there was a black, bruised spot where a cruel hand had fallen.

"Hush, dear!"—Esther dropped her voice to a whisper, for there were listeners. "The curtain will go up in a minute. Here's what I want you to do for me, and I want you to read it first." He made a movement of dissent.

"Yes, Joe.

Joe took it reverently—this was all the note contained:

"mister Irwin sur pleas don't beleave any thing my father he calls himself dan bradshaw i meen sez about me it is all a lie i thank you mister Irwin for saving my life for the one time you tuched my hand and spoke to me kind that is all i have to say. E. BRADSHAW."

"Well!" he said, folding the letter slowly.

"He will understand. And Joe, I want you to kiss me good-bye

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

PERFIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WANDERING WILLIE.

Ah, madam, your reign is now over—
How I loved you 'tis needless to say.
Didst not find me a passionate lover?
To any request said I nay?
But I sicken at last from satiety,
As many frail mortals will do,
And I long for a little variety—
That's why I'm seceding from you.

Had you not treated me cavalierly,
In a safe "you-are-mine" sort of way,
I can't tell but what perhaps dearly
I'd be loving you up to this day;
But *you're* not the sole one on earth, miss;
Don't think me unkind, if I say,
Of pretty young girls there's no dearth, miss,
Who don't want it all their own way.

I assure you that I've no ill-feeling—
Come and see me whenever you please;
A happiness o'er me is stealing,
Soft as'd bright as the fair southern seas.
This happiness renders me bold, love—
What! ho! bring the rich mountain dew;
And now that I'm off with the old love,
I'll drink a deep draught to the new.

TRIALS OF A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

Fond duLac, Wis., is now experiencing its first unpleasantsensation for a long time. Two years ago a man, fresh from college, aged 28 years, married a young lovely woman in Michigan, and immediately became a pastor of a church of this city. He seemed to be very earnest in his devotion to the cause of religion and the interests of his congregation. At the end of the year he was retained; but it was not long before serious charges were quietly made against him. The minister and his wife boarded. He was charged with most shamefully abusing his wife, a young woman who had succeeded in making herself beloved by all her acquaintances. Some time last Summer she told the unchristian minister that she should be compelled to leave him, and return to her parents in Michigan. When he saw her getting ready, and saw that she was determined to go, he begged and pleaded with her not to thus expose him to a merciless world. So earnest and touching were his pleadings that she consented to a compromise, by which she was to go home on a visit of two or three months' duration. She went home, and in the course of a month he went after her, and threatened to ruin her reputation if she did not immediately return with him. She came back, and then commenced her troubles in dead earnest. He abused her before company, calling her "an idiot," "a dirty slut," "a low, brutal fiend" and "a lazy bitch." He caught her by the arm and pushed her outdoors one night, and threatened to let her remain there in the cold. Twice she made an attempt to get away to go home, but he blocked her game, and then told her that, if she ever again attempted to leave him, he would have her taken to jail. This frightened the poor woman for a time; but, a week ago, while the Elder was off attending to a religious convention, the jaded, abused wife packed up her things and started for home on the night train. The husband has added to the shameless abuse of a noble woman numerous lies; and all who ever had any respect for him have cast him off. At one time, not long ago, after calling his wife "a dirty slut," he dropped upon his knees and addressed the Throne of Grace in this language: "O Lord! thou knowest that my hated wife is the one great obstacle in the way of a revival of religion in my church. Wilt Thou, in Thy goodness, come down and remove her?" This was in the hearing of his wife and two of the boarders.—Cor. *Chicago* (Ill.) *Tribune.*

HOW A COUNTRYMAN GOT "LEFT."

J. D. Bowman is a young man from the rural districts, and when he comes to town he wants to have his fun, and for a while, at any rate, to be one of the boys. Last Thursday, attracted by the notices of the gorgeous cancan, he came to town to take in the Olympic, and see the elephants. While at the theatre he enjoyed himself, visited the wine-room and toasted the bewitching creatures whose sylph-like forms he had seen going through their graceful evolutions on the stage, and, after partaking of several potations, invited the proprietor, Buregard, to accompany him to a restaurant and have a dish of oysters. While thus engaged the conversation turned upon the old topic of "lovely women," and Bowman expressed a desire to meet some charming creature and spend a while in her society. His companion told him he could introduce him to a lady who would be pleased to make his acquaintance. Thence they went to rooms in the building adjoining the First National Bank, having the reputation of being rented for assignation purposes, and here he was introduced to the charming blonde whose appearance on the street always causes so many "naughty, naughty" men to turn around and look over their shoulders. With her, Bowman states, he made a contract, and for certain considerations, needless to mention, he was to pay her fifteen dollars. Not having just that sum, he gave her twenty dollars, expecting to receive his change. He then went down the back stairs, but when he returned he found his charmer had lit out with his twenty-dollar bill and her portion of the contract broken. Failing to get his money's worth, Bowman this morning had the girl arrested for carrying on her vocation, and the charge was put against Buregard of being a "plug." The testimony of Bowman, whose whole appearance indicates "greeny," caused considerable amusement in court. The defendants were each fined $100 and costs, Buregard taking an appeal and giving bonds, while the blonde, Carrie LaCelle, goes out to the workhouse to wash for the inmates of that institution, and the hospital, at the rate of 60cts. a day. Sometimes honesty is as good policy as any other.—*Kansas City* (Mo.) *Chronicle*, Feb. 15.

QUEER BREACH-OF-PROMISE CASE.—The latest breach-of-promise suit in the London courts lacks nothing of romantic flavor. Contrary to the usual state of affairs, the plaintiff in the case is a man, a Mr. Townsend by name, who had farmed somewhat extensively at Steeple Barton, Oxfordshire, and there he became acquainted with Miss Bennett, the daughter of an extensive landed proprietor. Mr. Townsend and Miss Bennett, it appears, became very intimate, and an engagement took place between them. It came to pass now that the father of Miss Bennett died, leaving his wife and daughter a large fortune, invested for the most part in land. There was a farm worth £500 a year rental, which fell to Miss Bennett, and Mr. Townsend became a tenant of it at a rental of £498 a year. Matters went on lovingly until the plaintiff discovered that Miss Bennett's mamma was trying to break off the match. The old lady, the plaintiff alleges, was apprehensive that the property of her daughter would be appropriated by Townsend, and that prospective heirs would eat it all up. Soon after this discovery Townsend received a notice to quit Miss Bennett's farm, and soon after there was an intimation that Miss Bennett would not perform her promise to marry him. The plaintiff pressed for marriage, and the lady said it should take place in the Spring; but the Spring passed, Summer arrived, and the time also appeared, but still there was no marriage. The plaintiff saw that the defendant was not herself unwilling to marry, but that the mother did not wish to lose her daughter. Becoming impatient, Townsend called to see his betrothed, but he was met by the mother, who ordered him off the premises. Townsend said he thought the mother would refer the matter to his solicitor, and then the mother asked him what he would take to release his claim to her daughter's hand. "Give me £3,000 cash, and I'll call it square," said the young man. This was too much money for the close-fisted mamma, however, and so the case was carried to court, where the verdict is yet to be reached.—*Boston* (Mass.) *Post.*

NARROW ESCAPE OF A MARRIED WOMAN.—It is the practice with a number of our leading retail establishments in this city to treat their lady customers to a glass of wine when they make shopping visits, especially during very cold weather, like that we have had this Winter. A few days ago an estimable young married lady, residing in Camden, N. J., came across the river to do some shopping. She visited the dry-goods house where she usually makes her purchases; after buying what she wanted, was handed a glass of wine. She returned after leaving, in a few minutes, to purchase something that she had overlooked, and was handed another glass of wine. Not being accustomed to drinking, the liquor went to her head, and she began wandering around town, and soon landed at Sixth and Bedford streets, the lowest neighborhood in Philadelphia. Here she was seen by a man on the lookout for such cases, who was leading her to a house of prostitution, when she was overtaken by Policeman John Duffy, and the lady rescued. As the woman was too much intoxicated to give her name or residence, she was taken to the 19th district police-station. Seventy-six dollars were found in her possession, a handsome gold watch and diamond rings. A few hours after she recovered, and her husband was telegraphed for. He was in the meantime been searching everywhere for her; and at four o'clock the next morning he arrived at the police-station and took his wife, aged only 22 years, and the mother of two children, home. The husband is one of the leading business men of Camden; and had it not been for Policeman Duffy, the lady would have been robbed and ravaged, and, it may have been, murdered. The Camden family is too respectable to name, but if the husband prosecutes the dealer, it will not be libelous to name him in double-leaded caps as a tradesman who gave his customers drugged wines.—Philadelphia cor. *Washington* (D. C.) *Gazette*, Feb. 28.

A WASHINGTON SCANDAL.—The sensational topic in social circles yesterday and to-day was the runaway marriage from Willard's Hotel. The bride is a Miss Sewell, an only daughter of a very wealthy man of Pittsburg, and the groom a Major Sheiley, an impecunious lobbyist and general adventurer about town. Miss Sewell is a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, who has been here visiting for a month or so with her mother. Major Shelley is a New Orleans man, whose business here is to look after levee interests in Congress. He is a man about forty years of age, and does not possess a single trait, either in the shape of personal appearance or social position, that would seem enough to recommend him to the good graces of a wealthy and much-admired young society lady. Shelley made this young lady's acquaintance only some seven or eight days ago, but he seemed to obtain the most mysterious influence over her from the start. Last Friday afternoon he procured a carriage and called at the hotel for Miss Sewell. He took her out with him, and, picking up a lobbyist friend on the sidewalk, General Jones, he drove the party to the Epiphany Church, where the marriage was performed. General Jones gave away the bride. The young lady informed her mother, on her return, of what she had done. Then followed a very lively scene. Sewell *pere* was notified by telegraph, and he came on this morning, breathing vengeance. Shelley will not make much by his matrimonial speculation, as Sewell swears that he will never acknowledge his daughter again in any way, if she does not give up her husband.—Telegram to *Chicago* (Ill.) *Times.*

SAD STORY OF DOMESTIC TROUBLES.—Judge Wylie yesterday granted a decree of divorce to Grace A. Folk from her husband Louis Folk, whose wife avers is a clerk in the Treasury Department at a salary of $1,800 per annum. She claims that they were married on November 2, 1862, by Rev. Dr. Finckel, in this city, and the result of their marriage has been five children. They lived quietly on E street southeast until last year, when he had her life insured for $3,000, and ever since has treated her with great cruelty, and at various times threatened to take her life. During the course of his cruel treatment of her she was taken violently ill, and he refused to assist or help her in any way. As soon as they had acquired the sum of $1,000, he sent to Europe for his mother, and then she learned for the first time that he was an Israelite, and found herself entirely despised by her Jewish mother-in-law. He tried unsuccessfully to get her to apply for a divorce from him, and boasted openly that he would torment her into so doing. To show his utter contempt of her, he frequently spat on her, and would cruelly treat the children out of pure vindictiveness. He went to a hotel to live in November last, and has since neglected to contribute to her support. The decree grants the plaintiff absolute divorce, alimony at $50 per month, custody of the children, possession of the house No. 1,232 E street southeast, and counsel fee. The marriage license record of the 27th of November, 1862, shows the name of Louis F. Folk and Grace Pettigrew.—*Washington* (D. C.) *Chronicle*, Feb. 27.

A SPUCER'S VICTIM.—Yesterday Officer Goran noticed a woman with a small child in her arms wandering along the banks of the river in the southwestern part of the city. Fearing that she might have designs on the life of the child, he approached her, whereupon she started to run. The officer gave chase and finally captured her under a board-pile, where she attempted to hide. She was taken to Third-street Station for safe keeping. Captain Reeder took the baby (an infant about four weeks old) away from the mother, and gave it to nurse to a young negro woman in the neighborhood. The woman gave her name as Elizabeth Vetters, and her age as thirty-four. She is without doubt a raving maniac. Her hair is as gray as if she were seventy years old. Soon after her capture her brother was brought in beastly drunk and locked up. By seven o'clock he was sober enough to talk, and told a reporter that his sister had worked for a long time at the Germania House. He said she was single, and that the first knowledge he had that she was a mother was when she came to his house a few days ago with the infant in her arms. The brother's name is John Vitters, and he lives at 354 West Sixth street. Captain Reeder says he will pay for the infant's nursing from his own purse sooner than let the crazy mother get it again. No doubt the woman's wrongs wrecked her mind.—*Cincinnati* (O.) *Enquirer*, Feb. 27.

BOUND TOO BAD.—Says *The Chicago* (Ill.) *Post and Mail* of March 1: "A very sad case came up before Justice Boyden this morning for trial. It was the case of a young girl, seventeen years old, named Maggie Langdon, the daughter of very respectable parents, who live on West Washington street. Some time since Maggie became quite 'wild,' persisting in running around with young sports and associating with prostitutes and thieves. Last week she deserted her home entirely, and went to live with a colored prostitute in the St. James Hotel. Her mother, finding she could do nothing with the girl, swore out a warrant for her arrest, and, accordingly, Maggie was locked up. This morning Justice Boyden gave her the benefit of a long lecture, and, after telling her that in case she was complained of again he would send her to the Bridewell, sent her home."

A VILE WRETCH PUNISHED.—On board a vessel in this port an attempt at a horrible crime was made by one of the sailors of the crew, the little daughter of the captain of the vessel being the intended victim. The resistance of the girl attracted attention, and drew to her rescue timely aid. The outraged and indignant parent could hardly be restrained from taking the life of the villain, but at last consented to let him live, and, having swung him up to the mainmast, caused a terrible flogging to be inflicted on his bare back. Information of the matter, which has been kept quite quiet, has reached the Solicitor-general, and a prosecution in court may bring the man to further punishment.—*Savannah* (Ga.) *Advertiser*, Feb. 27.

THE SEVEN DIALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CAPT. BARCLEY.

The great clock in St. Paul's Church, London, had struck twelve. The lights in the Seven Dials Inn were turned down. One alone burned brightly.

"All who wish to go to their hapartments by the hellivator will please get haboard, has this his the last hellivator up for the night," said a voice not at all remarkable for its sweetness.

I stepped aboard the platform and took a seat. A man followed and took the seat opposite. We two were the only passengers on the elevator on its last trip up that night. My companion looked at me and I looked at him. I was not charmed with his physiognomy, and he may not have been with mine. The elevator stopped.

"Your keys, gentlemen," said the porter.

We produced them.

"Hon this hapartment," he said. "Rooms 98 and 99. Directly hopposite heach hother. Breakfast at the Seven Dials from 7 to 9, good night, gentlemen."

I heard a noise. The elevator-man was going down. I turned the key in my door, and examined the lock closely. All seemed right. The reputation of the Seven Dials Inn was none of the best. I had applied to three hotels for lodgings. All were full, and as midnight was near I became somewhat reckless. I did not like the looks of my fellow-passenger on the last elevator up. He was dark—his look sinister, and he seemed to survey me from the corners of his sharp black eyes. He did not look me square in the face. In a word, I did not like the man's looks.

The wind was blowing a gale without, and the rain dashed fiercely against the window-panes. I placed my watch under my pillow, and my money was snugly stowed in my wallet in the pocket of my pants. I blew out the light, and in spite of the wind, rain, or the face of lodger in room 98, was soon fast asleep.

I must have slept soundly, for the morning's sun was peering through the window when I awoke. I looked to the door; the key was upon the floor. I jumped from my bed and turned the knob—it opened. I felt for my watch under my pillow—it was gone. My pants were searched—I was moneyless.

The money I did not care for. The amount was small, as I had taken the precaution to deposit my funds in a bank that day.

The loss of my watch I grieved deeply. It was a valuable one—the gift of a deceased father. A thousand times its cost would not have purchased it from me.

"I have been robbed," I said to the clerk of the Seven Dials, "robbed last night in this house, of my watch and money."

"Himpossible," he said with a look of astonishment.

"Did you lock the door of your room?" he asked.

"Yes, securely. But the key was upon the floor in the morning, the door closed, but unlocked, and my watch taken from under my pillow, and my wallet from my pocket."

"Much money in it?" he asked.

"No, but a trifle," I replied. "But my watch was valuable, and, as a keepsake, invaluable."

"Happily for the police," said the clerk. "Most hactive fellows in the world, these London police."

"I shall look to the landlord of the Seven Dials for the value of my stolen property," I replied. "I was robbed in his house, and he is legally liable."

"You 'av no proof you were robbed in this 'ouse," he said indignantly.

"I will swear to it," I said firmly.

"You are not hin Hamerica now. You are in Hingland, sir; in Hingland, and hin London, sir."

"The loss of my property proves that," I said quietly. "Oh, what is the name of the occupant of Room 98?" I asked.

The clerk took down the dirty and greasy register, and looked.

"Kingsly—'Enry Kingsly," he replied.

"Do you know the man?" I asked.

"Never seed him afore. Like yourself, transient; one of those fellers who never stops in one place but once to get robbed," he said, with a wink to a Cockney who stood near.

"D—— your English soul," I thought, but made no reply.

"Do you remember the looks of the man in 98?" asked the captain.

"Yes," I said. "Small man—black eyes—scar on his cheek—black hair—red nose—age, about forty."

"Happly to the police," replied the clerk, closing the register. "Give description hof the man has haccurately as possible, hand they will work hup the case."

I was confident the clerk at the Seven Dials knew 'Enry Kingsly well, but positive proof of the fact I was unable to adduce.

I felt the insult which had been offered me most keenly. It touched my pride as an American, coming from the lips of an Englishman. I was in a strange land, however, with no one to attest or vouch for my character. What legal redress could I expect from the landlord of the Seven Dials for my stolen property?

* * * * * * * * *

The English cracksman, burglar, or thief is the most expert, cunning, and crafty in the world. Charles Dickens, with wondrous power, has described their shrewdness and skill. Ainsworth, with fel'icitous pen, has described Petticoat lane, and St. Giles, with its professions and pupils, where crime is taught in all its branches and grades. The professional English burglar, pickpocket, or sneak-thief is advanced by his teacher as he becomes proficient in his art.

My companion on the "last hellivator hup" at the Seven Dials no doubt had a skeleton key to each room in the house. With a slender nippers he turned the key, and slid it from the lock. It was then but the work of a moment to enter my chamber. With noiseless tread, aided by the storm without, he dexterously removed my watch and wallet without waking me. Had I awoke and grappled with him, no doubt the villain was prepared to quiet me on the instant. It was fortunate for me perhaps that I escaped with my life.

I applied to the London police in hopes of regaining my property.

"Can you give a description of the man in room 98?" asked the captain.

I did so.

"What hassurance 'ave you as he was the man as hentered your room?" he inquired.

"None," I replied, "only the locks of the man."

"No proof whatever hin Hingland," he continued. "You lodged at the Seven Dials?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Better keep hout such 'otels," he said, "when you visit London again."

"I was a stranger," I answered.

"Your misfortune. Hit will be hexceedingly difficult to obtain your watch. A very liberal reward hoffered, and hoffering some hextra hinducements to the hofficers hin my command may produce 'appy results," said the Captain, placing his finger upon his red nose, and eyeing me sharply.

I delved the fellow's meaning in an instant.

"No!" I mentally said, "not a cent. Many a goose has been plucked here. I know of one at least who will leave England full-feathered."

* * * * * * * * *

I will here state to the reader that at this time I held a position of considerable responsibility on the New York police force. I did not make this fact known in London. My unfortunate adventure at the Seven Dials was not creditable to my shrewdness or sagacity, perhaps; furthermore, I did not wish my calling known. My business to London was to trail, and capture if possible, a forger who, it was surmised, had flown to that locality. I was paid for that business, and had no right to waste time in hunting up my own loss.

I changed my quarters to the "Queen's Inn," whose reputation was untarnished. I left a minute description of my stolen timepiece with the clerk of the hotel, and funds sufficient to pay the reward I determined to offer.

I paid a round sum for its insertion in *The London Times*, and was laughed at afterwards for my credulity and folly by an English officer, who informed me that London burglars and thieves never returned stolen property for any reward that might be offered.

They were too cunning for that trap.

I left London the next day for Pirmingham, and from there to Manchester and Leeds. I was absent for three weeks, and upon my return to London returned to the "Queen's Inn." The clerk handed me my money, and with a smile said:

"I guess this is your first visit to London."

"Yes," I said, and mentally added—"Hope it will be my last."

I was chagrined and disappointed. My bird whose wings I had come to England to clip had flown to Belgium. As no extradition treaty was in force between the two governments he was safe there.

I had been robbed and insulted in England. The steamer was to sail on the morrow, and was to bear me away. I had no cause to regret it.

I was on board the vessel some time before the hour named for her departure. I watched the passengers as they came on board.

A face once seen by me I seldom, if ever, forget. I had very good reasons to remember the clerk of the Seven Dials, "robbed last night in this house, of my watch and money."

Hollihay, two years later, killed a fellow convict, and was sentenced to prison for life. Hendeson made his escape, and never was recaptured. My watch I never recovered.

BASEBALL.

THE AMATEUR SEASON OF 1874.

THIRD ARTICLE.

The Play and the Players.

The first amateur game played in this State, on March 23, 1874, took place in Rondout, on which occasion the Active and White Cap Clubs played a match together under the ten-men-and-ten-innings rule, the former winning by a score of 26 to 16, the large score being due to the damp and slippery condition of the ground. The first city game was that of March 28, when the first and second nines of St. Nameless Club played at the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn—the former winning by 18 to 5. This was followed by a game between the Chelsea and Davis nines on the Capitoline Grounds on April 1, the Chelseas scoring 38 to the Davis' 3 only. From this time forth the season's play continued in regular order. On April 14 the Capitoline Grounds opened play for the season, an unusually early commencement for the veterans. On the 21st a pretty game was played on the Capitoline Grounds between the New York Flyaways and the Brooklyn Powhattans, the former winning by a score of 10 to 4 only, in an hour's play. By May the amateurs were fairly busy in New York, Brooklyn, Boston and Philadelphia, and some very fair play was shown. About this time there was a call from all quarters for the printed rules of the Amateur Association, but none were forthcoming, and the result was that matches had either to be played under the professional rules, or else it had to be left entirely to the umpire to do as he liked, and the result was a mixed condition of things anything but satisfactory. The college clubs soon put the matter straight, however, so far as they were concerned, by deciding to play their championship contests under the only code of rules in print, viz., the professional, and the consequence was that their scores were marked by smaller figures, and their games by prettier fielding than those of any other class of amateurs. This season the Amateur Association, being controlled by officers who will rule it in the best interests of that class, will have their rules and regulations printed, and revolving will thus be prevented. As a matter of reference, we give below the record of the best-played amateur games of 1874, which took place during the first month of the regular season, viz., May. We only give those games which did not exceed nine runs for the winning side, for it should be borne in mind that the standard of a first-class professional match is five runs for the winning side in a full nine-innings contest, and that for the amateurs nine runs.

Chatham vs. Flyaway, at New York	4	to 2
Chatham vs. Resolute, at Chatham	7	0
Diamond vs. Russ, at Hartford	6	0
Collins vs. Picked Nine, at Gloucester	6	1
Chatham vs. Olympic, at New York	6	2
Armenius vs. Eagle, at Jamaica, L. I	7	2
Victory vs. Alaska, at Jamaica, L. I	7	4
Easton vs. Princeton, at Princeton	7	1
Live Oak, Jr., vs. Unknowns, at Brooklyn	8	1
Princeton vs. Germantown, at Phila	8	2
Metacomet vs. Independent, at Taunton, Mass	8	2
Excelsior vs. White Stockings, at Phila	8	2
Leader vs. Keystone, at New York	8	4
Arlington vs. Montague, at Brooklyn	8	4
Alert vs. Arlington, at Orange, N. J	8	6
Star vs. Weehawk, at Weehawk	9	5
Pacific vs. Collins, at Phila	9	3
Monogram vs. Stevens Institute, at Hoboken	9	3
Yale vs. Knickerbocker, at New Haven	9	5
Haines & Co. vs. Raynor & Co., at Brooklyn	9	6
Baltic vs. Athletic, at New York	9	6
Riverton vs. Arlington, at Silvertown, N. J	9	6
Active vs. Riverside, at Memphis, Tenn	9	6

The best college games with amateur men during May, 1874, were the following:

Princeton vs. Fieldston, at Princeton	6	to 0
Jasper vs. Fieldston, at Mannsville	6	0
Evaston vs. Racine, at Evanston	4	3
Monogram vs. Hoboken, at Hoboken	9	5

The games between professionals and college nines up to May 30 included the following fine contests:

Yale vs. Hartford, at New Haven	4	to 6
Princeton vs. Easton, at Princeton	4	7
Yale vs. Atlantic, at New Haven	5	6

It will be seen by the above statistics that the opening part of the amateur season of 1874 gave promise of fine play, but the want of a definite code of rules prevented the fulfillment anticipated.

In order to show the period at which the amateur season opens in various parts of the country, we give below the dates of the opening match games of prominent clubs throughout the States in 1874.

The first match by the Ogdensburg, N. Y., Club in 1874 was played June 24. The Monticello Club of Georgetown, D. C., played their first game May 9, The White Stockings of Deerfield, Maine, began their club matches May 30. The Nationals of Washington entered the arena April 25. The Franklins of Chicago played their first match May 10. It was June 1 before the Westerns of Keokuk played their first match. The Neshannocks of Newcastle, Pa., played their first game for the local championship on April 8, and the Mutuals of Meadville, Pa., July 4. It was June 17 before the noted Eagles of Louisville, Ky., took the field in a regular match. On May 14 the Upper Club of Webster, Mass., began to make things lively in a match game at Worcester, where they went for the disciples of the Holy Cross nine. The Sacramento, Cal., the Amity Club played their first game in 1874 on March 29, and the Eagle Club of Washington two months afterwards, May 28. It was July 16 before the Thistle Club of St. John, N. B., the champions of New Brunswick—played a match game. The Iowa City Club took the field against the University team May 2. The Union Club of Buffalo went for the Queen Citys May 21, their first match. The Enterprise of Hempstead, L. I., played their first match May 23, and the Star of Boston—the crack junior team of the Hub—April 22. The Canadian Tecumsehs went for the scalps of the Hose Boys on May 15, their first match, while the Metacomets of Taunton, Mass., played their first regular contest of the season May 29, and a good game it was, too. The Peabodys of Baltimore played their first game May 21, and the Clippers of Sarnia, Canada, entered the field in a match game May 25. It was June 6 before the Bridgeport, Ct., nine got to work in a match, and July 4 before the Athens of New York did. The Atlantics of Hoboken, N. J., did not play their first game in 1874 until July 10. The Empires of St. Louis opened the ball April 21, and the Essex of Buffalo on June 12. The Reliance of Brooklyn began match-playing July 16, and the Confidence of New Rochelle May 8. The Mutuals of Jackson, Mich., began early, their first match occurring April 25, while it was June 13 before the Unions of Urbana, O., began. The Eastons took the field May 6. The Victory of Brooklyn began play May 2, and the Winonas of Flatbush, L. I., May 30. The Myrtles of Brooklyn played their first match May 14, and the Chelseas April 1. The Montagues began April 3, and also the Powhattans. The veteran Knickerbockers did not play a match until June 6. The Rivertons began play April 18, as did the Philadelphia Zephyrs.

The most brilliant season known in the annals of the college clubs was that of 1874, and it was marked by the success of the Yale College Club in winning championship honors not only from the Princeton Club, which flew the whip in 1873, but from their old adversaries the Harvards, who for years had held sway as the leading college club of the country. There is no questioning the fact that the college nines benefited considerably last season by their practice with professionals, some of their games equaling the best displays of their professional adversaries. The coming season will see the leading college nines striving more than ever for supremacy.

TRIGGER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING AT RIVERSIDE, N. J.

The sweepstakes gotten up under the management of Miles Johnson of Yardville, N. J., came off at Riverside, Burlington County, on March 10, and proved quite a sensational affair. The sweepstakes was one of $25 entrance, at twenty-five birds each, 21yds. rise and 80yds. boundary; 1⅛oz. shot, from five traps, and the rules of the Rhode Island Club, which limit the shooters to the use of one barrel, to govern. The day was remarkably pleasant overhead, but the ground, being deeply covered with snow, was far from pleasant to the shooters. The birds, which were furnished by Miles Johnson, were quick, strong flyers, which makes the score of the successful shooters all the more creditable. Fourteen contestants were entered, but the absence of the New York representative shooters, both amateur and professional, was the subject of much comment; the only one present being Mr. W. B. Ireland of Brooklyn. The great majority of the shooters were from the lower part of New Jersey, Philadelphia and the vicinity. The names of the contestants and the description of weapon used were as follows: W. Greenwood, Germantown, Pa., muzzle-loader; W. Carson, Philadelphia, muzzle-loader; R. Wood, Chester, Pa., muzzle-loader; W. Wilson, Frankfort, Pa., muzzle-loader; F. Klein, Philadelphia, muzzle-loader; S. Smith, Mount Holly, N. J., muzzle-loader; W. B. Ireland, Brooklyn, N. Y., breech-loader; A. Engel, Mount Holly, N. J., breech-loader; F. C. Arnold, Beverly, N. J., breech-loader; M. W. Wells, Burlington, N. J., breech-loader; E. Perry, Philadelphia, breech-loader; Vandervoer, Manalapon, N. J., muzzle-loader; Miles Johnson, Yardville, N. J., breech-loader; and J. Perry, Philadelphia, breech-loader. As most of the shooters used a single-barrel gun of an 8 or 9 bore, with a 1⅛oz. load of shot, they had a decided advantage over those using breech-loaders of 10 or 12 bore, with only 1⅛oz. load of shot. But the shooting altogether was of such a high character as has seldom before been witnessed. From the start the shooting was magnificent; all of the contestants killing their first bird. Out of the first five rounds only 5 birds were missed; and out of the 292 birds shot at only 43 were missed. The final result was that Mr. W. Greenwood of Germantown won the first money with a clean score of 25 killed. Mr. Carson of Philadelphia (a veteran shot) and Mr. Wood of Chester, Pa., dividing second and third money, with each a score of 24 killed out of 25; and Mr. Wilson of Frankfort, Pa., carrying off the fourth prize, his own entrance money, with 23 killed out of 25. All four of these successful shooters belong to Pennsylvania, and all of them used single-barrel muzzle-loaders. The superb shooting throughout is evidenced in the simple fact that Messrs. Klein and Wilson, who only missed 3 birds each out of the number they respectively shot at, did not win a prize. We give the summary:

RIVERSIDE, BURLINGTON CO., N. J., March 10.—Pigeon-shooting sweepstakes, $25 each, at 25 birds, 21yds rise, with 1⅛oz. of shot, from 5 traps, 80yds. boundary; Rhode Island rules: 14 entries; $150 to the first, $100 to the second, $75 to the third, and $25 to the fourth.

W. Greenwood, Germantown, Pa.—1111l 11111 11111 11111 11111—25; killed, 24; missed, 1.

R. Wood, Chester, Pa.—11111 11111 11111 11101 11111—27; killed, 24; missed, 1.

W. Wilson, Frankfort, Pa.—11111 11111 11111 11001 11111—25; killed, 23; missed, 2.

F. Klein, Philadelphia, Pa.—11111 11111 11001 11111 11011—25; killed, 22; missed 3.

S. Smith, Mount Holly, N. J.—10111 11111 11011 11111 1010—24; killed, 20; missed, 4.

W. B. Ireland, Brooklyn, N. Y.—10111 01111 11111 11110 11101 0—21; killed, 18; missed, 3.

A. Engel, Mount Holly, N. J.—11111 11011 11011 11110 10—22; killed, 18; missed, 4.

F. C. Arnold, Beverly, N. J.—10110 10111 01101 11111—20; killed, 15; missed, 5.

E. Perry, Philadelphia, Pa.—11111 00111 11111 0110—19; killed, 15; missed, 4.

M. W. Wells, Burlington, N. J.—11111 11001 11111 101—18; killed, 15; missed, 3.

E. Vandeveer, Manalapon, N. J.—11111 11011 10011 0—16; killed, 12; missed, 4.

M. Johnson, Yardville, N. J.—11110 01111 00111 0—16; killed, 11; missed, 5.

P. Perry, Philadelphia, Pa.—11111 10001 0—11; killed, 7; missed, 4.

Referee—E. M. Huff, Trenton, N. J. Time of shoot—3h. 15m.

THE SPRING MEETING AT CREEDMOOR.

The Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association have adopted the following programme for the opening meeting of the present year at the Creedmoor, L. I., range, to be held May 27, 28, 29:

First Day—Directors' match, open to all directors and honorary directors of the National Rifle Association; distance, 200 yards; two sighting and five scoring shots; entrance fee, $1; prize, Directors' gold badge. Second match, short range; two sighting shots and seven scoring shots; entrance fee, $1; prize not determined. Second match, short range; two sighting shots and seven scoring shots; entrance fee, $1; prize not determined.

Second Day—Third match; Leech Cup; distance, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards; no sighting shots; no previous practice on the day of the match; fifteen shots at each range; the trophy to be held for the space of one year by the winner.

Third Day—Fourth match; military short range; distance, 200 yards; two sighting and seven scoring shots; prize, not determined. Fifth match; Hilton Cup match; distances, 500 and 600 yards; two sighting and seven scoring shots at each distance; prize, a Remington long-range Creedmoor rifle.

MAJOR MCKINLEY of Halifax, N. S., has been appointed commanding officer of the Canadian Wimbledon team.

THE TURF.

SALES OF THOROUGHBRED STOCK.—Colonel McDaniel has just purchased from W. F. Harper of Kentucky the c. m. Sally Watson, by Ringold, dam Ann Watson by Glencoe, together with two of her fillies; one five years old, by Colossus, in foal to Longfellow, and the other a yearling by imported Glen Athol. Sally Watson herself is in foal to Glen Athol, who is a son of Blair Athol, the winner of the Derby and St. Leger, out of Greta by Voltigeur. Mr. Charles Lloyd the trainer, of Holmdell, N. J., has just purchased of J. Carter Brown of Rhode Island the b. c. Court Hampton, four years old, by Hampton Court, dam Echo by Lexington; he also sold to the same gentleman his three-year-old filly by Leamington out of Naphtha by Eclipse. A company of gentlemen in Stockton, Oregon, are negotiating for the purchase of the famous racer Joe Daniels, now in San Francisco, for stud purposes. Messrs. Hankins & Conlisk of Chicago, Ill., have purchased of Mr. James Morrill the well-known little race mare Lady Washington, formerly Maid of Orange, five years old, by Beacon, dam Maiden by Lexington. Her best performance on the turf was at Cleveland, Ohio, last year, where she ran a fifth heat in a best three-in-five race in 1:44¾.

A THIRTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR PURSE.—The Pacific Jockey Club of California, encouraged by the brilliant success which has attended their enterprise for two years past in giving purses of $20,000 and $25,000 respectively for races of four-mile heats, now announce a purse of $30,000 in gold for a race of similar description over the Bay District Course in San Francisco in November next. There appears to be no limit to the enterprise and liberality of California turfmen, and we do not wonder that a veteran turfman like Captain T. G. Moore of Kentucky declares it to be the most enterprising State in the Union as regards its patronage of racing, and after forty years' experience in the States, extending from Maine to Florida, determines to make the Pacific Coast his home for the future. It is also rumored that there will be another and perhaps equally large purse offered by a rival association in San Francisco, this Fall, for a four-mile-heat race. It is in anticipation of these colossal purses that the California Confederacy for the Improvement and Importation of Thoroughbred Horses purpose sending out next week their agent, Mr. William Shear, to Europe to purchase the best long-distance horse that can be obtained on the European continent to compete in these races.

DEATH OF AN IRISH TURFMAN.—Late advices from England communicate notification of the death of Mr. William Disney of Park Lodge, Dublin, who for upwards of fifty years has been prominently known on the English and Irish turf. He was the owner of many famous racehorses, among which were Bon Mot, winner of the Liverpool Cup; Indian Warrior, Irish Birdcatcher and Knight of St. George, the St. Leger winner of 1854. The latter was subsequently imported into Kentucky by A. Keene Richards, and died there a few months ago. Irish Birdcatcher was a capital racehorse, but his owner never allowed him to run in England, confining his short but brilliant racing career to Ireland entirely. As a sire he was wonderfully successful, the Derby winner Daniel O'Rourke, the Oaks winner Songstress, and the three St. Leger winners The Baron, Knight of St. George and Warlock, being all by him. The Baron is the sire of the famous racehorse Stockwell, who has gained by his celebrity at the stud the title of "Emperor of Stallions." Besides the above, Mr. Disney owned many other celebrated winners.

DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE TURFMAN.—Mr. John W Pettigrew, a wealthy contractor and well-known turfman of this city, died suddenly at his residence in Fifth avenue in this city on Thursday, March 11. He had long been in a declining state of health, and, in company with the well-known trotting trainer Johnny Murphy, he last Winter made a trip to California to recruit his health. The journey did him considerable good, and only the day before his death he had been enjoying a sleighing excursion. Only a week previously he had expended over $30,000 for three trotting horses, for he was a most liberal patron of the turf, both trotting and racing. He paid $15,000 for the fast mare Maggie Wilson, $19,000 for Nat Woodcock, and $6,000 for Tanner Boy; and when he fancied a horse, high figures did not deter him from becoming his possessor. He was also partial to the running turf, and was privately known as the financial partner and confederate in the Donahue stable. The deceased was esteemed and respected by all who knew him.

THE BRITISH ROYAL STEEPLECHASE, constituting the chief event of the Bristol and Western Counties meeting, in England, was decided March 11, and resulted in the success of C. B. Brook's b. m. Phrynie (late Catherine), aged, by Knight of Kars, dam Mama, half-bred; Fleuriste second; Duke of Cambridge third. Betting: 16 to 1 against Phrynie, 33 to 1 against Fleuriste, 10 to 1 against Duke of Cambridge. Lancet, the winner of the Croydon United Kingdom Steeplechase, was the favorite at 4 to 1, but came in eleventh.

JOE DANIELS AND THAD STEVENS.—These two celebrated racehorses have now finally retired from the turf, and are located at Stockton, Cal. The latter is now the property of Mr. Chapman of Merced County, while the former is owned by a company of gentlemen in Stockton, who have purchased him with a view of improving the horse stock of that section of the State.

THE WASHINGTON DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION rec

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ ADVANCED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, March 15.

LADIES' LIST.

Arlington, Ella
Arneit, Annie
Antonino, Teresa 24c.
Archer, Lottie (2)
Belmont, Clara
Booth, Alice
Bernard, Annie Dacy 24c.
Bertine, Lilly C.
Beverly, Mrs. Maude 3c.
Berger, Anna (2)
Cushman, or Ag't of Charlotte
Clancy, Ellen
Cleveland, Nellie
Cushman, Cora
Curtis, Irene
Clifton, Marion P.
Clifton, Emma
Cooper, Mrs. Nina
Carroll, Jennie
Claire, Maggie (of Claire Sis.)
Coventry Mrs.
Julia S.
Chanfrau, Mrs. F. S. (2)
Craven, Carrie
Carr, Mary A.
Creecy, Miss (of Majilton Co.)
De Muraka Op. Troupe
Desmond, Georgie
De Soyer, Idella 24c.
Dunbar, Sadie (song-and-dance)
Duval, Carrie
Dunfee, Etta (contortionist)
Dangello, Sallie 6c.
Daniels, Nellie
Dacy, Annie
Ellis, Libbie
Evans, Mrs. Marion
Fox, Sisters
Forrest, Katie
Francis, Lillie (velocipedist)
Burke, Sergt. (drill-ist)
Buckley, Harry
Baker & Doyle
Blanchard, Harry
Belyea & Co.
Beckwith, W. H.
Bacon, Jno. L.
Benson, Fairee
Bloch, J. M.
Benson, G. W.
Badin, J. G.
Brown, Ben (with Cal Wagner)
Bisbee, Frank
Barnes, Jas. A. 3c
Broadfield, Thos.
Bally, Harry (candy)
Brophy, Thos. C.
Bidwell, J.
Barbour, W. (with Haverly)
Bacon, Wm. F.
Bann, E. G. (manager)
Bush, I. T.
Blitz, Eugene (of "Jack & Jill" Co.)
Berthion, Dick (banjoist)
Beach, C. C.
Burton, T. (circus "biz")
Bearman, H. (pianist)
Benson, Chas. A.
Benedict, Fred
Dunn & Bened
Baptisten, Mons (ballet-mast.) 47c
Bean, W. H.
Beddington, C. F.
Bennett, Harry (2)
Barrett, (song and-dance)
Bennett, Harry
Byron & Doud
Brown, E. B.
Brown, J. H.
Benton, Geo. 6c.
Barnum, P. T.
Beach, Chas. A.
Benedict, Lew
Blaisdell, W. B. (with G. L. Fox Co.)
Cowles, Melville B.
Chapman
Case, Thos. 10c.
Carry, Harry
Cowles, Theo. G.
Carlo, Fred (acrobat)
Clark, Geo. C.
Cauldock, C. W.
Clifton, G. (of Goldenb Chr. & Columbus, Sig.
Crane, Wesley C.
Cameron & Keeler (2)
Clark, H. G.
Cazaurun, A. R.
Cotwell, Fred
Crew, Gilb. (vocalist)
Carll, "Bob"
Clinton, Harry
Cash, Chas.
Carson, C. "Kit"
Carroll & Shuran
Catlett, Lon.
Coote, Jack (side-show "biz")
Crane, E. Mills
Cook, Frank (of "Bl. Crook" Co.)
Coats, Wm.
Callender, Chas.
Cole, Wm.
Chase, W. J.
Connolly, Chas. M. (2)
Chanfrau, F. S.
Carter, Billy (banjoist)
Chappelle, W. J.
Clarke, H. G. (2)
Cowper, Henry
Cruise, Chas.
Cummings, Jas. H.
Campbell, Ned (ventriloquist)
Cotton, E. G.
Davis, Chas. E.
Davis, G. (side-show "biz")
Davis, Homer
Davis, Fred T.
Davis, Chas. (circus "biz")
Davenport, E. L.
Ditman, C. H.
Dunbar, E. C.
Douglas, Hy.
Dodge, Ben.
Douglas, J. S. (with Callender)
Durand, W. W.
Dixon, Geo. W.
De Castro, G. H. (3)
Denton, Jas. H.
Dumont, Frank (2)
De Haven, Claude (2)
Doyle, J. E.
Edward, F. (with Blitz)
Evans, H. W.
Eyrich, I. (circus "biz")
Edwards, G. (with Wade, Rob.)
Elliott, Chas. B.
Emmet, J. K.
Fish, J. (musician)
Farrell, Wm. F.
Fox, Willie (comique) 3c.
Fay, Frank N.
Fritz, Edwin 3c.
Forteocle, Geo. B.
Fogg, Chas.
Florence, W. J.
Fowler, W. W.
Francken, G. (musician)
Faulding, Chas.
Fally, Chas.
Fulton, Jno.
Frankum, G. J.
Frankum, Geo.
Fritz, E.
Fenton, Gustavus
Foote, J. Wm.
"F. A. P." (2)
French, Jas. (musician)
Fisch, J. Wm.
Fuller, Blanche

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, Ben F.
Allen, Thos.
Adams, Edwin (actor) (2)
Atkins, Will A. (2)
Andrews, Jas. ("Handy Andy")
Allen, Jos. C.
Arnold Bros. (song-and-dance)
Adams, C. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Abbott, Jno.
Brannan, Mike M.
Briggs, P. H.
Barnard, Leonard W.
Battie, Frank C.
Bell, Harry (juveniles)
Burke, Sergt. (drill-ist)
Buckley, Harry
Baker & Doyle
Blanchard, Harry
Belyea & Co.
Beckwith, W. H.
Bacon, Jno. L.
Benson, Fairee
Bloch, J. M.
Benson, G. W.
Badin, J. G.
Brown, Ben (with Cal Wagner)
Bisbee, Frank
Barnes, Jas. A. 3c
Broadfield, Thos.
Bally, Harry (candy)
Brophy, Thos. C.
Bidwell, J.
Barbour, W. (with Haverly)
Bacon, Wm. F.
Bann, E. G. (manager)
Bush, I. T.
Blitz, Eugene (of "Jack & Jill" Co.)
Berthion, Dick (banjoist)
Beach, C. C.
Burton, T. (circus "biz")
Bearman, H. (pianist)
Benson, Chas. A.
Benedict, Fred
Dunn & Bened
Baptisten, Mons (ballet-mast.) 47c
Bean, W. H.
Beddington, C. F.
Bennett, Harry (2)
Barrett, (song and-dance)
Bennett, Harry
Byron & Doud
Brown, E. B.
Brown, J. H.
Benton, Geo. 6c.
Barnum, P. T.
Beach, Chas. A.
Benedict, Lew
Blaisdell, W. B. (with G. L. Fox Co.)
Cowles, Melville B.
Chapman
Case, Thos. 10c.
Carry, Harry
Cowles, Theo. G.
Carlo, Fred (acrobat)
Clark, Geo. C.
Cauldock, C. W.
Clifton, G. (of Goldenb Chr. & Columbus, Sig.
Crane, Wesley C.
Cameron & Keeler (2)
Clark, H. G.
Cazaurun, A. R.
Cotwell, Fred
Crew, Gilb. (vocalist)
Carll, "Bob"
Clinton, Harry
Cash, Chas.
Carson, C. "Kit"
Carroll & Shuran
Catlett, Lon.
Coote, Jack (side-show "biz")
Crane, E. Mills
Cook, Frank (of "Bl. Crook" Co.)
Coats, Wm.
Callender, Chas.
Cole, Wm.
Chase, W. J.
Connolly, Chas. M. (2)
Chanfrau, F. S.
Carter, Billy (banjoist)
Chappelle, W. J.
Clarke, H. G. (2)
Cowper, Henry
Cruise, Chas.
Cummings, Jas. H.
Campbell, Ned (ventriloquist)
Cotton, E. G.
Davis, Chas. E.
Davis, G. (side-show "biz")
Davis, Homer
Davis, Fred T.
Davis, Chas. (circus "biz")
Davenport, E. L.
Ditman, C. H.
Dunbar, E. C.
Douglas, Hy.
Dodge, Ben.
Douglas, J. S. (with Callender)
Durand, W. W.
Dixon, Geo. W.
De Castro, G. H. (3)
Denton, Jas. H.
Dumont, Frank (2)
De Haven, Claude (2)
Doyle, J. E.
Edward, F. (with Blitz)
Evans, H. W.
Eyrich, I. (circus "biz")
Edwards, G. (with Wade, Rob.)
Elliott, Chas. B.
Emmet, J. K.
Fish, J. (musician)
Farrell, Wm. F.
Fox, Willie (comique) 3c.
Fay, Frank N.
Fritz, Edwin 3c.
Forteocle, Geo. B.
Fogg, Chas.
Florence, W. J.
Fowler, W. W.
Francken, G. (musician)
Faulding, Chas.
Fally, Chas.
Fulton, Jno.
Frankum, G. J.
Frankum, Geo.
Fritz, E.
Fenton, Gustavus
Foote, J. Wm.
"F. A. P." (2)
French, Jas. (musician)
Fisch, J. Wm.
Fuller, Blanche
Grinnell, Addie
Gordon, Bella
Green, Mrs. Cornelia M.
Geraldine, Mlle.
Gray, Minnie Oscar
Grattan, Emma
Granville, Gertie
Garretta, Millie
Eugenia
Greenwood, Grace
Horbert, Carrie
Halpine, Katesbrester
Henri, Flora
Hughes, Annie
Hall, Mlle.
Kellogg, Clara Louise (2)
Kellogg, Jennie (best "biz")
Kellogg, Alice
Le Clarie, Nellie
Loder, Minnie
Lopez, Mad. Mary
Little Nell (2)
Leola, Olive
Lucille, Fannie
Lingall, Francis
Marion
Love Sisters
Lee, Vic (female impers.)
Morton, Jennie
Miller, Mrs. Leslie
Martin, Maggie A.
Mayhew, Kate (2)
Morgan, Etta
Mereete, Alice
Mouzert Sisters
McAllister, Phosa
Montague, Fannie
Morgan, Etta
O'Brien, Norah (of Heagle Co.) (2)
Price, L. Bijou (3)
Peak, Fannie (of Peak Family)
Philomena, Senorita
Pauline, La Belle
Niles, J. (late Niles & Evans)
Nash, J. (pantomimist) (2)
Newcombe, "Bobby"
Noonan & Alice Bateman, W.
New Orleans Minst. Manag.
Ogden, R. Dorsey
Ogden, Geo.
O'Lynn, Bryan
Orrin, Ed. W.
Orton, Miles
Pease, Harry
Pastor, Tony
Price, A. G.
Peak Family Bell-ringers
Perry, Capt. C. M.
Price, Hanch. (theatre "biz")
Pierce, Frank
Palmer, C. C.
Price, Wally
Parmalee, Ed. M.
Perkins, G. (Dutch "biz")
Perry, Oscar
Phillips, Gus ("Ooozy Gooff")
Rowen, C. (circus "biz")
Reid, Capt. "Jake" (2)
Ross, Frank (musician)
Rickaby, Jno. (2)
Reed, Billy (minst. "biz")
Redman, Chas.
Richardson, Sage
Rennells, Geo. (of "Jack & Jill" Co.)
Rubini, F.
Rosario, Ross &
Mlle. Alice
Rogers, Loraine
Rivalta, Frank
Rose, Chas.
Rosine, Cons.
Riddell, A. T.
Ritchie, Fred (Dutch "biz")
Robinson, C. H. (of Robin Minst.)
Rutledge, J. P.
Randall, Wm. (musician)
Rankin & Castner
Reddy, J. H.
Richardson, T. G.
Robertson, Alex.
Riddell, A. P.
Rohmer, Jno. (musician)
Rown, Chas.
Rhodes, R. E. 10c.
Rivers, H. W.
Robinson, ("Yankee") (2)
Rapp, Saml. (circus "biz")
Raber, Jno. C.
Rosh, John
Russell, W. (musician)
Rainey, T. T.
Ritchie, F. (comed.)
Rogers, Chas. S.
Rendle, Chas.
Rosario Bros.
Roberts, J. H. (violinist)
Ryan, Sam E.
Shelly, John
Scott, B. Bryant
Shay, Charlie
Smith, Mr. (of Smith's Bell'r's)
Sully, W. J.
Suck, J. (of N. Y. Comed. Co.)
Scott, "Bob" (2)
Sexton, Prof. M. C.
Stone, Harry
Sickney, Robt.
Sanders, C. (of Sand. & Gilm.)
Sanford, Geo. A.
Sturtevant, Wm. (2)
Street, W. Lanning (3)
Stowe, Chas. H.
Stankard, Thos. C.
Snell, Jno. (musician)
Stokes, Morton V.
Seeley, Charlie
St. George, Billy
Suttz, J. G.
Shay, J. (of Ida Cernburn Co.)
Scott, Andy
Stevens, J. Ogden
Sullivan, Jas. (egg. horse show)
Sherman, W. H.
Shepard, Geo. 3c.
Schryal, Saml. (2)
Thomas, E. (pedestal "biz")
Tobin, Prof.
Thompson, F.
Tillotson, F. (of Chas. Rice's Minst.)
Thompson, H.
Dutch "biz")
Turner, Mr. & Mrs. Sadie
Thompson, Jno. (comed.)
Toole, J. L.
Taylor, Jas. (comique)
Twombley, Geo. H.
Turner, John
Thompson, Wm. J.
Thompson, Chas. J.
Tinkham, Ed.
Ulher, Frank
Ulmer, Hugo
Villa, Sam
Ware, Geo. (2)
Waite, H. (of Waite Sisters)
Williams, J. (late of Olym Thea., N. Y.)
Wiley, Lem
Washburn, Leon W. (2)
Ward, W. H. (with Dup. & Bened.)
Woodfield, W. H.
Wagner, Cal
Wentworth, H. (of Sidene Co.)
Washburn, E. S. (3)
White, C. H. (with Washburn)
Winnett, Thos.
Williams, M. (of Mrs. B. E.)
White, J. W.
Wilson, Dick
Wentworth, Jno.
Wood, Fred 6c.
Warner, Jno. E.
Wagner, Jno. C.
White, Dan
Wyman, Ali
Wilson, Fred
Young, Chas. W. (2)
Zebold, Geo. (circus "biz")

Letters for the following professionals are at the Detroit, Mich., post-office: P. Baker; De Barr Bros. gymnasts; M. Bernard, of Uncle Tom's Cabin Co.; and Manager of Clark's Dramatic Co.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, March 15, 1875.

The season of Lent has not, up to the present time, interfered with theatrical entertainments; on the contrary, our amusements are in a fairly-flourishing condition, and managers are not so despondent as they were a few months ago. First class entertainments are given at nearly every place of amusement in the city, of which the public evince their appreciation by extending a liberal patronage to the same. Barnum has withdrawn his many attractions from the Hippodrome, and is now preparing for the traveling season; the educated mules are no longer to be seen there, but this is no evidence that their places are to be occupied by the other educated party, Talmage of the Tabernacle; he cannot be spared from Brooklyn while the City of Churches is in such a demoralized condition. "The Big Bonanza" pans out largely for Manager Daly, the rich yield just coming in time to save him much inconvenience and greater discouragement. "Henry V" is another good find, and Managers Jarrett & Palmer are now picking up more than they put down. That these gentlemen contemplate going into the camp-meeting business we are not prepared to assert; but that they contemplate taking stock in old "Plymouth," and running her in the behoof of sinners who may be desirous of looking on the chosen Martha Mayhew Conveyard, is said to be among the latest "probabilities." The "Orphans" business continues lucrative at the Union-square Theatre—so lucrative, indeed, as to warrant the management in announcing "standing room only" when all the seats are occupied. Isn't it a little singular that the more a theatre is crowded the more people want to get in? Ristori draws like a locomotive, the Lyceum being beautifully ornamented by the liberal attendance of "the elite of society" and the "creme de la creme" of our aristocracy.....The variety theatres are also paying well; much better, we imagine, than are the minstrel halls. In fact, it would appear that variety business has cut into minstrelsy during the past two or three years; and this is not to be wondered at, seeing that a variety entertainment embraces not only singing, dancing, etc., in white, but choice Ethiopian acts clothed in black. For our minstrel friends we can see but one way to get out of this dilemma, and that is to combine the variety feature with their minstrel business. By giving a first-class minstrel first-part, with well-rehearsed musical gems, such as ballads, duets, quartets, with chorus and "full band" [Not that sort of full, Jimmy], and then bringing in the variety performances, introducing some attractive female dancers and equally attractive vocalists, etc., a very pleasing and versatile entertainment could be given that would scarcely fail to enlist the patronage of the public. It will probably come to this, unless minstrels devise some better plan to circumvent the ominous ways of the variety managers....Circus people are ready to jump at the first intimation of settled Spring weather. The horses and wagons are in line, the bands are in tune, the agents are awaiting the word to "go ahead," while the roaring lions, infuriated tigers, and large-limbed elephants are craving to be let loose once more. The tumblers and leapers and comical clowns are all oiled and greased, while the lightning ticket-sellers are practicing with an industry and devotion to the interests of their employers which passeth show and the common understanding of such attention to business. "Our Jim" has just discovered that the leaper is not a new thing—on the contrary, he lived in the olden times, and is frequently referred to in the Bible. James says that this attention was first called to the subject by hearing Brother Talmage preach about the leaper;" so he got the Book, and, after a lengthened search for the second book o' Kings, he found it, and in chap. 5 the lad read the story of Naaman, the captain of the host of the King of Syria, who was a great and rich man; but, says the boy, "*he was a great leper!* and with all that richness did not prevent a man from entering the circus, however it might debar him from entering any other place." James regrets that the record is not more complete, as a comparison might be made of the respective abilities of the leapers of the past and of the present. How many horses each rich man could make, is not given, nor is it stated that he ever accomplished the feat of leaping ever seventeen horses placed side by side. Neither does it appear that he could leap through hoops of fire, as is done by some of the circus people of this era. The account merely says that he was *a great leper!* and there it leaves us to grope in darkness for corroborative facts.....Dukie the horse epicure is going to Budd in the East again. At least he is going to travel as far as the Occident. Budd ought to make a good actor, because he's always at home *behind the bags!*.....Nothing fresh has transpired concerning the suits between Boucicault and Hart, and the public are thus left in doubt as to the real authorship of "The Skibbeah" which we skip here because Josh has omitted it there. It is not true that Bouicault is to be prosecuted with a "big yaller dog" should he win at law.....In this city we have not been troubled by the inner working of the Civil Rights Bill. *Our* colored friends are most too dignified and proud to attempt to go where they are not wanted; and it would be well for the public peace were all of the black race to follow such a laudable example. In the Southern section there is a great diversity of sentiment regarding the Civil Rights and how far they go. Colored men, urged on by "white niggers," as the blacks call them, demand that while a nigger shall shave them, shine their boots, etc.; that black citizens be permitted to enjoy all the rights and privileges in common with white people and in the society of white people. The result is, that several of these turbulent black spirits have suddenly died—some from remorse, some from being shot, some from being frightened, and many from cold poison, *syruptitiously* administered with their buckwheat cakes. We do not endorse such extreme measures, nor do we encourage such reckless use of poison and lead as some are in the habit of; because if such practices are persevered in, the black race will die out, and then what will become of our politicians? There is a fearful responsibility somewhere. In the language of the noble red man, well may the dark ones exclaim: "Ugh, why does the white man follow my path?".....Having a Grand Central Hotel it is meet that we should have a Grand Central Theatre, and Mr. Charles Shay is the man who fills up the bill. In honor of the event, we make a few mirth-provoking rhymes:

Mr. Shay, the wonder of many beholders,
Like a strong man of old, takes the Metrop. on his shoulders;
We trust that the venture in "shekels" will pay,
Nor the manager turn out a *one-legged* Shay.

.....Perhaps it would be well for managers to dispense with their Wednesday matinee this week, for St. Patrick's Day celebration will engross general attention; and, being a free display, it must operate to the disadvantage of indoor amusements. Although the occasion affords opportunity for much pictured hilarity, yet it is not a day of *all* jeers! As the pageant is to pass our office, THE CLIPPER BUILDING will be decorated with the flags of our Union and of the Emerald Isle..... The recent inclement weather has induced the scientific correspondent to inform us that he cares nothing for *nor'easter* winds, but means to *know Easter* eggs when the time comes. Our Jim, who fails to see the *pint*, thinks the man is only making a *butt* of us.....Tom McDonough's "Black Crook" party have returned from their pilgrimage "down there," and we presume that they will cherish the most pleasant recollections of their trip. To us it is not strange that "The Crook" was received *coldly* in *Chili*.....We are to have "Rose Michel" at the Fifth avenue Theatre. It is not said *why* Michel rose, but the play will give particulars, we presume. It is probably a sequel to the sensational drama entitled "Rise up William Riley."..... The *Fielding* shown at the Olympic Theatre is even better than that exhibited on our baseball grounds, although it is not so effective in *putting players out*.....And talking about traveling, we are reminded that a certain "Educated Pig" [Why, *no*, James, we didn't allude to *any* politician, and we cannot understand why you should *intimate* such a thing] is capable, in a tenting tour, of arranging the whole of his *route* [Pronounce this word correctly, and the audience will know with which you ont.].....'A Tilton man" has been looking at Ristori's new lithograph, and he doesn't like it. He thinks she ought to retire if she looks as ill as that. He suggests some bottles of *Ristori-tive!* It is said that the great tragedienne, emulating the unsuspected and exemplary example of Charlotte, is about to bid us farewell. Lines expressive of our feelings:

Tired nature's sweet Ristori
Has come at Grau's desire;
The strange fact, *being* tired,
She wishes to *re*tire!

.....A newly-arrived "Skibbeah," *fresh* from *green* pastures, wants to know whether the Hooley Ballet Troupe came from *Salem-to-come*, or the Hooley place from *Bailey-hooley*. In the first place, there is no such troupe; and in the second, the anxious inquirer had better go back to his green pastures, as he is a trifle *too* fresh for us.....Something new is offered by Manager Wood of the Museum, in the shape of "Sas-sa-cus, the Cock of the Walk." Without wishing to interfere with Mr. Wood's business, we respectfully call the attention of Mr. Bergh to this piece. It appears to us that this is a deb to game-fanciers or cock-fighters, as it might be; and if the contemplated fraction is spurned at once, it will teach a lesson to others engaged in chicken disputes. Anybody can see the underlying strata that is intended to foment jealousy, else why call an untried bird "Cock of the Walk"? *Our* duty is done —the rest rests with the S. P. C. A.....The painting of *natural* scenery, a well-informed contributor calls our attention to the fact that the *cynic* artist in a theatre is not necessarily more cross than other people, though he often *gets madder!*.....Time works wonders, if it is properly watched. James says he has a bar-mark because it always stands at "one-forty."..... And our reference to St. Patrick's Day and the Georgia Minstrels revives in our heart recollections of another sectional unpleasantness, as thus:

"If sarves ye roight when yer wife talks back,"
Said an Irish gent to his lodger;
"If ye didn't have trated *Augusta mane*,
Why need have *Augusta faced* ye?"

.....The Bowery Opera-house sometimes reminds us of *Hamburgh* and sometimes of a *flour*-garden; but under the gentle teachings of the worthy Pastor all interests are brought into friendly *coal*-lision. Verily, Antonio is a man whose excellent ad-dress serves as *patterns* for the uplifted of other climes. But we are soon to lose this Pastoral benefactor, as he leaves here for Panther's new circuit on Easter Monday. But, as the Ready Rhymer so truthfully says: "*Our* loss must be his gain."..... Carl Schurz is to lecture in this city next Monday evening. What won'd the nation do without Schurz? It may be proper for us to remind our readers that the name of this gifted orator is pronounced like that of a necessary article of wearing apparel, Hence, etc.]..... And talking about lectures, we notice that "Edith O'Gorman the Escaped Nun" is to appear at Robinson Hall to-morrow afternoon. A number of reporters are to interview the Escaped Nun, but the nun escaped..... Rose Massey has sued one H. Montague, actor, for breach of promise. So here we have another Henry scandal suit. The last of the Montagues, it appears, essayed to be lord o' Massey, without the usual restrictions; and now Mr. Mass, having gone back on the lovely Rose, is called upon to show cause.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE LAST SEVEN performances of "Gircle-Gircle" at the Park Theatre this week, concluding on Saturday, March 20, will terminate the brief engagement of the troupe of French opera-bouffe artists who have been delighting metropolitan audiences during the successful season of the past six weeks. Mlle. Geoffroy on Wednesday, and Mlle. Minelli on Friday, will each be the recipient of a benefit, affording the numerous admirers of these capable artists the its opportunities of substantially testifying their appreciation of their artistic abilities. The admirable interpretation of the opera by the various members of this company has well merited the support accorded to it by the public, and there is no doubt but it might have been continued as the attractive feature at this house for some time to come, but for prior engagements. The company open in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 22d, and will be succeeded here by Frank Mayo in "Davy Crockett"..... Miss Lina Mayr appeared at the Germania Theatre on Wednesday, the occasion of her benefit, in a German rendition of "Giroflé Giroflą," which was repeated during the remainder of the week, she assuming the title-role. The character of Marasquin was rendered by a tenor, and Mourzouk by a basso—no doubt, their original form..... The seventeenth grand organ concert at the Church of the Holy Trinity was given on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Henry Carter presiding at the organ, assisted by Mme. Salvetti as the vocalist. .....The young pianist Miss Heilbron gave a piano recital at Steinway Hall on Thursday afternoon, in which she was assisted by Miss Belsinger and Mr. Sweet, vocalists; Mr. Lanzer, violinist; and Mr. Pease, pianist.....A public rehearsal by the Philharmonic Society of the programme of their coming concert took place at the Academy of Music on Friday afternoon.....At Steinway Hall on Saturday, Theodore Thomas gave a matinee performance of classical music, the orchestra being assisted in the interpretation of a rich and interesting selection by Mr. Franz Remmertz, basso; and Mme. Madeline Schiller, a pianist of high repute.....The second grand concert by Gilmore's Band was the attraction at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory on Saturday evening.....Jerome Hopkins' "Piano lectures and concerts" at Steinway Hall on Monday and Friday afternoon were well attended by audiences who seemed to thoroughly appreciate the lecturer's efforts in the exposition of the career and works of some of the master minds of the musical world. "Church Music" will be the subject of the next and concluding lecture on the 18th, and will be illustrated by combined choirs..... The Kellogg English-opera Troupe return to us on March 29, giving five representations only, at the Academy of Music, commencing on that date. This engagement concludes the regular season of the company..... The concerts of Downing's Ninth-regiment Band are the feature of the Sunday evening performances at the Tivoli Theatre..... Mlle. Aimee and troupe are shortly to appear at the Lyceum Theatre in the eccentricities of the ever-popular opera-bouffe.

ASSURANCE NOW seems to be given that the spectacle of "Henry V" will run at Booth's Theatre during the entire time originally allotted to it—ten weeks. The attendance continues large, and the audiences are apparently highly pleased. On Wednesday evening C. B. Bishop, the excellent representative of Pistol, was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, and Henry Weaver acted that character. On the following evening and during the remainder of the week it was impersonated by John Jack, who had been expressly engaged therefor. The character of the Queen, since Miss Henderson's departure for Europe, has been acted by Miss Florence Richmond.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE a good business has been done since our last report, and the performances have been entertaining. John Le Clair was the only fresh appearance, and he was seen in feats of equilibrium, which were admirably performed. He balanced himself on his head upon the top of four chairs, placed one above the other, like a pillar, and subsequently poised himself upon the top of a champagne bottle, which formed the apex of a pyramid of bottles, decanters, and tin boards. He won the approbation of the audience. "Alvardo," who proved to be Shed Le Clair, and who had performed upon the "invisible" wire during the previous week, gave a highly meritorious exhibition of gymnastic feats upon double bars, which were characterized by strength, grace and skill. Among the best of these were, swinging himself from one bar into the air, and catching the other bar with his limbs at the knee joints; while swinging from a bar by his hands, loosing his hold, turning completely around and again catching the bar; and a very graceful somerset from bar to bar. Harry Kernell and Miss Adah Richmond created a deal of mirth in a musical sketch called "Fun in the Kitchen," and during its performance they propounded one to the other a series of conundrums, which, owing to the peculiar manner of delivery of both question and answer, proved very diverting. F. F. Levantine continued his barrel act, and gave a similar style of performances with a huge wooden cross, which, although far more difficult, were successfully accomplished. The other acts included Harry Brown's comic songs, Dutch songs-and-dance, and witty speeches by George S. Knight, Kitty O'Neil's jig-dancing, songs by Alice Bennett, banjo songs by Wm. Carter, "My Turn Next," "School," "A Slippery Day" and "Masaniello."

D. B. HODGES, who is to be the general agent of Tony Pastor's Combination during the forthcoming tour, arrived in town during the past week from Chicago, Ill.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS began a season at Robinson Hall on March 8, and have attracted a series of large audiences. The troupe is composed of negroes, whose complexions vary in hue from almost white to deep black. The end-men use cork upon their faces, but the others appear without it. Thirteen performers were seen in the first part, and the instruments used were two violins, a clarionet, cornet, trombone, violoncello and double bass. E. P. Smith officiated as interlocutor; Sam Lucas and James Grace, bones; and Billy Kersands and Pete Devonear, tambos. Most of the witticisms of the end-men were entirely new to this locality and were really funny, and several of the songs in the first-part were truly characteristic of the African race, and were capitally sung and acted. Among these were "Daffney, Do You Love Me?" sung by Sam Lucas, and "Old Aunt Jemima" by Billy Kersands, and it seemed as though the audience would never weary of these, so frequently were they redemanded. This troupe has infused new life into minstrelsy, for their performances are more like the entertainments of former days than any others that have been seen in this city for many years. They do not "put on airs," as they call each other "coon," etc., and they pay a graceful tribute to their white brother (*vide* Civil-rights bill) professionals, by giving a portion of their programme in imitation of them. E. P. Smith, who is nearly white, has an excellent tenor voice, which was advantageously heard in "Robin, Tell Kitty I'm Coming," and his speech was entirely devoid of negro dialect. Dick Little has a remarkably sonorous bass voice, and his singing of Sadie Ray was several times redemanded. Pete Devonear gave a comical rendering of "Dar's a Meeting Here To-night," and James Grace sang "Old Dog Tray," "Home," and A. Jackson "Out of Work," commendably, and were lavishly applauded. Sam Lucas, by his excellent Southern dialect, and very tall, slim figure, frequently brought to mind the late Nelse Seymour. The first part terminated with a sketch called "Under Key," in which Billy Kersands being very funny as the baby. In the second part Dick Little sang banjo songs. Kersands, Devonear, Lucas and Al. Smith gave quartet songs-and-dances called "The Canebreak Spectres," which were very comical. Willie Lyle as a burlesque prima donna was quite successful in imitating the manner and gestures of the fair sex, and his dressing was elegant and his singing good. Billy Kersands in swell songs gave a faithful portraiture of the Southern dandy negro, and was frequently recalled. The sketches of "Old Uncle Seems" and "Life and Love in the Cotton Fields" were also given. The olio of the Hall-shell;" "Shoo-fly" was revived, and its original exponents, Dan Bryant and Dave Reed, gave it with all the zest possible; J. J. Kelly sang with good effect "Norah McShane;" "The Pet Elephant" was resuscitated for the wind-up "The Kid-napper" was performed by the entire company and with a full brass band accompaniment, and received with much laughter and applause.

ALLIE DRAYTON and Harry M. Parker and his educated dogs comprised the new comers at the Bowery Opera-house this week. Miss Drayton, who has not been seen in this city for some time, is a clever performer of songs-and-dances, has a pretty face and a trim figure, shown to advantage by being clothed in a neat male attire of white-material, bound with light blue silk. Her performances were liberally applauded. Mr. Parker and his dogs are favorites with the public here, and then their merits were discussed. It may be added, however, that the introduction of one or two new tricks shows that Mr. Parker is not content to rest his reputation upon previous performances, excellent though they were, but is striving to excel all former efforts. A new song, with a popular and taking melody, the burthen of which is "A Feeling You Never Felt Before," was sung by Tony Pastor, with capital effect; and in response to several recalls, he gave others more familiar. Annie Morgan sang a number of new songs in a pleasing manner, and evidences great promise for the future. She has been before the public but a brief space of time, and undoubtedly suffers from nervousness. The Stuart Sisters gave fresh duets and clog-dances, with frequent change of attire. Katie Kane bids fair to become a vocalist, but at times she attempts songs too difficult music, which is beyond her capability of execution at present. In simple ballads she is quite effective. The Gorman Brothers, with corked faces, performed some clever eccentric dances, which elicited lavish applause, and caused their frequent recall. The entertainment first part and the sketches of "Effects of the Panic" and "Man's Misfortune and Woman's Triumph" filled out the programme, which attracted a good average attendance. The customary gifts of hams, tons of coal, barrels of flour and dress-patterns were distributed among the spectators, making many a heart glad.

BILLY BARRY, one of the funniest and most popular Ethiopian comedians who have been seen on the east side of the town for years, is to receive his first benefit at Tony Pastor's Bowery Opera-house on March 23. Let those who have enjoyed many a hearty laugh at his eccentricities call on him and note.

J. S. CLARKE, the popular comedian, was in town during the past week.

FRANK MAYO and Rosa Rand are to begin engagements at the Park Theatre on March 22, acting in "Davy Crockett."

GEORGE ATKINS, comedian, has been engaged for the coming season of the Grand Opera-house.

HORACE WALL AND SON arrived from England in the steamship Helvetia on March 9.

THE "BLACK CROOK" COMPANY that was sent out to South America by Avery Smith, David Bidwell and J. Valhalis, under the management of Thomas B. Macdonough, arrived in this city March 10, in the steamship Acapulco, from Aspinwall. Among the party were Lorenzo Maya, Leona Dare, T. S. Hall, George Lingard, Dan Leeson, George A. Mortimer and wife, G. P. Barnard and wife, Mlle. Antonino, the Nelson Family and others.

FERANDO GIRARD, the efficient stage-manager of Tony Pastor's Opera-house, is to receive his annual benefit on Thursday, March 25, when it is to be hoped that his friends and admirers will rally in force.

A LODGE OF SORROW, in memory of several deceased brothers of the B. P. O. of Elks, was held in Irving Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 14, being the first since that held in memory of the late James W. Lingard, Sept. 4, 1870. The members of the order whom the services commemorated on Sunday were James A. Oates, Patrick Maddern, Ruey Hughes, William Sheppard, W. M. Reeve, Henry Mason, W. P. Kepler, John Mulligan, Jacob Carter, Wm. Sanders, John F. Smith, Stephen H. Knapp, John C. Campbell and Nelse Seymour. The interior of the hall was heavily draped with crape, and the front of the gallery was covered with dark cloth, upon which were white shields having inscribed thereon the names and dates of death of the persons above named. In the centre of the room was a catafalque, having thereon a coffin covered with a pall. The lodge was opened with a very brief ceremony after a voluntary upon the organ, then prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Porteus, and a hymn was sung by Bros. Walz, Kelly, Post and Norrie. Bro. Willard Bullard delivered a general eulogy, written by Col. T. Allston Brown. Walz, Kelly, Post and Norrie sang "Rock of Ages"; Bro. Louis C. Waehner pronounced a eulogy upon Nelse Seymour; Prof. Louis Berge performed a voluntary upon the organ; James M. Ward delivered a eulogy on J. C. Campbell, and after the ceremonies of closing the lodge the brothers and the audience sang "Old Hundred." The hall was densely crowded in every part. The officers on one order who officiated were Frank Girard, E. R.; Charles T. White, E. L. K.; Claude Goldie, E. L. K.; Cool White, G. L.; T. Allston Brown, chaplain; Joseph F. Waring, treasurer; Robert S. Martin, secretary; William E. Mackey, inner guard.

MME. RISTORI acted at the Lyceum Theatre on Tuesday evening, March 9, for the first time in America, the character of Lucrezia Borgia in a three-act drama of that name, translated from the French of Victor Hugo into the Italian language by Paolo Ferrari. As versions of this work have been frequently represented on both the lyric and dramatic stage of this country, persons unacquainted with the Italian language had a better opportunity than hitherto presented of judging of Mme. Ristori's artistic merits by direct comparison with other eminent actresses. She not only stood the test, but passed through the ordeal triumphantly. Little or no opportunity is afforded her for the display of her abilities until the second act, where she details to the Duke Alphonso an account of an insult which has been put upon her and their ducal house, and demands from him an oath that he will sacrifice the life of the unknown offender; and when the culprit is brought in she discovers that it is her own son by a former marriage, and of whose existence the Duke is in ignorance. With flashing eyes, vehement speech and a magnificent portraiture of rage had she recited her wrongs; with a triumphant look of satiated vengeance had she received the submission of the unprincipled Gennaro, and established; and most artistically did she portray her surprise at seeing her own son the culprit; but the climax of her art was reached in picturing the dark despair and horror which succeeded when she thought of the consequences of her rashness. Subsequently she evinced the possession of rare talent for high comedy, acting in the scene where she attempts to induce the Duke to forego his oath and let Gennaro escape. In the scene with the latter, where she gives him the antidote to the poison her own hand had administered, she elicited frequent and hearty applause; and at the close she closed the act she was several times called before the curtain. In the last act she was intense and terribly realistic, and her death scene was one of the most artistic we remember on the local stage. Signor Tajercoi deserves a deal of praise for a quiet, thoughtful, and coldly stern performance of the Duke, Don Alphonso D'Este, and in his most important scene with Lucrezia in the second act he elicited frequent demonstrations of approval. Gennaro was satisfactorily acted by Signor Aleotti, and the remainder of the cast did not offend. "Lucrezia Borgia" was given Monday evening and Saturday matinee. "Lucrezia Borgia" was repeated Thursday, as was "Elizabeth" Friday. No performance was given on Wednesday and Saturday nights.

A LARGE BUSINESS was done at the Olympic Theatre during the past week. Upon more than one occasion all who applied for admission

A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT has been tendered E. MASON Jr. by the printers of Philadelphia, to take place April 3, at Col. Wood's Museum in that city, on which occasion "Henry IV" will be produced with a strong cast, including Mr. J. L. Henderson of *The Public Ledger* as Falstaff, Mr. John W. Bailey of *The Public Record* as Prince Hal, and Mr. John M. Perry of *The North American* as Hotspur. It is expected that the press of Philadelphia will be fully represented in this complimentary testimonial to a well-known author and dramatist.

JOS. R. POPE, late business agent of the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., is at liberty for the season of 1875-6, and can be engaged through T. Allston Brown's agency.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" constituted the programme presented at the Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, to medium patronage during the week ending March 13. Sam S. Sanford gave an excellent personation of Uncle Tom, and was well supported. Jule Reed's capital Topsy and Little Nellie Pennoyer's Eva being most deserving of praise.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY and company from the Brooklyn Theatre will play an engagement at the Chesnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for one week, commencing March 22.

"THE SEA OF ICE," long announced as in preparation, was brought to view at the Portland, Me., Museum, March 8, and has drawn good houses. In its scenic lies its success, and in Mr. Richards, the artist, the management have one who has ably met its requirements. The cast includes Mr. Arnold in the dual role of Carlos and Marquis del Monte; Capt. De Lascours by Mr. Verney; Barabas, Mr. Calder; Horace De Brionne, Mr. L. Bascomb; Geo. De Lavis, Mr. Richards; Jean Medick, A. K. Adams; Louise De Lascours and Ogarita, Isadore Cameron; Countess De Therinqe, Mrs. Grattan; Diana De Lascours, Victoria Cameron. "Kathleen Mavourneen" will follow "The Sea of Ice."

MRS. JOANNA BELLAMY, widow of the late W. H. Bellamy, died at her residence at Greenpoint, L. I., March 11, at the age of 73 years. She was the second wife of Mr. Bellamy, his first wife, formerly Mrs. W. Penson, having died suddenly at Newark, N. J., in May, 1857. Mrs. Joanna Bellamy was an actress of considerable note in her time, and had been a pensioner on the Dramatic Fund Association for many years past. She was buried in the grounds of that Association at Cypress Hills on March 12. She had no relatives in this country, but had in England, and to them her property is willed. English papers are requested to copy.

MILTON ROBERTS publishes a complimentary card from J. M. Mortimer of Philadelphia, Pa., on his drama of "Jim Bludsoe." He appears at the Bowery Theatre, New York, March 15, Baltimore, Md., 22, Washington, D. C., 29.

ROSE AND HARRY WATKINS are at liberty to accept brief engagements, and stars and combinations desiring to play in the Southern circuit can address Harry Watkins, as per card elsewhere.

A MIXED COMPANY of German professionals and amateurs are engaged in giving operas and dramas on Sunday nights at Kelly & Leon's Grand Opera-house, Chicago, Ill. They have played to three very large audiences so far, and have been so encouraged that they propose to make a regular thing of it.

MLLE. TERESA ANTONINO, premire danseuse, lately from South America, where she was engaged with the MacDonough Black Crook Company, publishes a notice to managers in our advertising department stating that she is at liberty to accept an engagement.

THE TONY DENIER COMBINATION occupied the boards at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore, Md., last week, and met with good business, reports our correspondent on March 13, adding:

The pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty" and "Jack and the Beanstalk," now playing the attractions present, "Humpty Dumpty's" kaleidoscope consisted of the following specialties: Miss Granger in vocal selections; Mlle. Zuleika and Venini, hat-spinners; Richmond Sisters, double trapeze performers; Jas. Lee, song-and-dance artist; August Siegrist, gymnastic exercises; A. W. Matlin, ladder dance; and Phil Heath, ventriloquist. The pantomimes were embellished with appropriate scenery, and some of the tricks were very good. "The Two Orphans" will be produced for the first time in this city, on March 15, by Furbish's Fifth-avenue Theatre Combination.....Nicholas Nickleby," Dickens's new drama, with the Frayne Combination as the stellar attractions, was continued a second week at the Holliday-street Theatre, and drew better houses than in the first. This is the first time a long while that one drama has run successfully for two weeks in succession. The play runs much smoother, and we are glad to notice that some of the humorous dialogue has been cut down a little. It was rather fatiguing. Stage appointments were managed very cleverly, the first scene in the second act, representing a settlement in California, being quite pretty. The mountain and cave scenes were also good. The support rendered by the stock company was, on the whole, satisfactory. The Stanislaus stereopticon March 15.....Twenty Years Dead," with Mr. Charles Foster in the double role of the twin brothers, was the drama presented at the Front-street Theatre the beginning of the week, and it proved very successful. Mr. Foster in his rendition of the twin brothers created a realistic impression of the qualities as an actor. Walter A. Donaldson, S. K. Chester, Geo. B. Edeson, W. M. Frazier, Walter Benn, E. F. Barnes, Miss Alice Chester, Miss Annie Prentice and Miss Grace Marco contributed very good support. A drama entitled "Gold Belt" was substituted on Thursday, and continued the remainder of the week. Prof. and Baby Bindley in a very clever musical act; Bryant, Walker and Bryant, comedians; and Miss Nellie St. John, a vocalist who possesses a rich and highly cultivated voice, were the additions to the variety company. The departures this week are the Russian Brothers, J. H. Cummings, Charles Foster and Mons. and Mme. D'Omer. The announcements for the coming week are Albert Macauley as the dramatic star, and the "Witches of New York." Gerard and Ernest Bywe, the Snow Brothers, Ed. Murray and Alice Ross.....John L. Toole, supported by Messrs. Herbert, Westland, Misses Mitchell, Johnstone, and a full dramatic company, opened at the New Academy of Music on March 15, and continued Thursday, Friday, Saturday matinee and night. The engagement was successful.

OUR BOSTON, MASS., CORRESPONDENT sends us the appended report of amusements, dated March 13:

The second and last week of Lawrence Barrett's engagement at the Boston has been devoted to the production, for the first time in this city, of his specialty of "The Man o' Airlie," or "False Shame." The piece did not come up to expectation, but the leading role of James Harebell, as played by Lawrence Barrett, is quite effective, full of life and strength, and deserving of praise. The remaining characters in the piece were ably assumed by the stock company, although they contained nothing in any way new or original. Mrs. Thomas Barry was bright and pleasing as the fiancee of Harebell, and R. Shewell as Sir Gerard Hope looked handsome, and delivered his lines with force and intelligence. W. H. Norton was quite satisfactory as Lord Scrotan. Alex. Fitzgerald as George Brandon was somewhat stiff and strained, but the performance was by no means a bad one. Mrs. T. M. Hunter as Mrs. Harebell made a pretty and graceful wife, while Miss Sheppard made a favorable impression. She was bright, piquant, full of life, the very picture of a happy young wife. Leslie Allen as Saunders was dull, because the part was dull and long-winded. Mr. Tautenus Levick did not offend as Robert Harebell, and Herbert Cripps, Geo Boles and S. E. Springer were satisfactory in their brief parts. The piece is not a success, but the attendance was not so large as the merits of Mr. Barrett's acting deserved. On Monday, Edwin Booth opens an engagement.....At the Globe, Jamaica Plain, Clarke opened her farewell engagement in Boston as Lady Deadlock and Hortense in "Chesney Wold," both repeating the same piece Tuesday and Wednesday, and both pieces of acting, that are by far apparently the most popular of all her impersonations, for they have drawn the largest houses. "Marie Stuart" was given on Thursday, and "Deborah" (Leah the Forsaken) on Friday. This afternoon "Chesney Wold" is repeated, and to-night she gives us Lady Macbeth. The company she brings with her is in no way remarkable. There are not a good people in it, and the piece as a whole it is rather weak. They have played better in "Chesney Wold" than in anything else. Januaschek's engagement is for three weeks, and she will therefore remain two weeks longer. Monday and Tuesday of the coming week she presents "The Earl of Essex," for the first time in Boston, assuming herself the role of Elizabeth. March 29, Bateman followed by Mrs. Bowers, Rousby, John T. Raymond and Charlotte Cushman. Business during the week has been first class.....Griffith Gaunt" is still the attraction at the Museum, and the only interruption to its performance so far has been W. H. Crisp's benefit on Tuesday evening, when "The Corsican Brothers" and "The Victim of Circumstances" were presented to a big house. To-night W. J. Le Moyne takes his benefit, playing in "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Loan of a Lover" and "Solon Shingle." Next week will be the last of "Griffith Gaunt." It will be given the entire week, with the exception of Saturday, when Miss Annie Clarke's benefit will give us "The Palace of Truth" and "Paul Pry." On the 22d the Museum adds another to the list of novelties presented this season, in the shape of Robertson's "School.".....Monty Field has returned from Europe. Henry C. Jarret was in town during the week.

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Our managers, as a rule, have been for the majority of our months, and the attractions have not been stronger or more popular at any time during the season. We have had melodrama, light comedy, broad comedy and historical drama, not to mention first-class variety and sensational, and in each and every particular the patronage bestowed has been favorable, and the people well disposed. Mr. Gardner is the happiest of the coterie, and if it be a pleasure to look each night upon a crowded house, then the weather has all he wants. Bob Hart's Jolly Nashers, supported by S. W. Glenn and the Academy company, has played Mulberry Sellers, in Twain's new drama, each evening and matinee this week at the matinees, to audiences which have fairly tested the capacity of the house. Mr. Raymond's performance has been too generally commented upon to leave much to be said. It is very like reading Twain's humorous sketches with illustrations from life. Perhaps it is enough to say that his large audiences find him irresistible, and an uproar greets his every speech and gesture. Mr. Glenn's capital support from Miss Rachel Noah, who played Laura Hawkins; she receives frequent bursts of applause, and, in fact, really acts as if from inspiration. The press of the city have given the lady unqualified praise for this effort. Harry Murdoch's Shelby, the Uncle Daniel of Mr. Johnson, the Si Hawkins of Mr. Evernam, Miss Mackie's rendition of the role of Mrs. Sellers, and Mr. Glenn as the District-attorney in the trial scene, are all equally deserving of praise. This week Mr. J. L. Toole is to be the attraction, and next week Lawrence Barrett, from the Milwaukeean. Joe Murphy is to follow Mr. Toole.....George Clarke made his first appearance in Chicago March 8, at the Museum, in the role of Jonquil, in "Married Beneath Him," to a representative and critical audience. The management had promised a new and strong company, but aside from Mr. Clarke, Miss De Bar, and Miss Rogers, the company is substantially weak, and contains but one or two new people. Mr. Clarke made an excellent impression, warranting the belief that, with a proper setting, he would shine as a light-comedy star. A few scenes with Miss De Bar's Magdalen was a fitting counterpart to the Ch I on of Mr. Clarke, and the acting of Mr. Dall and Miss Rogers in small parts was good. Of the remainder of the cast twere better not to speak. On the opening night Henry Rhines and Frank Parker, well-known billiard experts of this city, appeared and made a little speech to the liviorts. Both performances have been given since Thursday night. The cause is obvious—the public were given to understand that an engagement had been effected with the Misses Parepa Rosa and Ione Burke, and their presence in the city was announced; neither were here, it seems, and the public have lost faith.....At Hooley's "The Lone House on the Bridge" was produced on the 8th and has enjoyed a fair succession of good audiences. O'Neill assumes the dual roles of Pascal and the Gipsy with great credit, and Mr. Salsbury is equally praiseworthy as Rene. Russell Bassett made a brief but pleasing appearance this season as the Baron. Ed. Buckley plays Roland; John Webster, Dorville, and Crane has a very limited part in Boutet de Monvel's role. Miss Hawthorne is pleasing and accurate as Clotilde, and Mrs. Maeder has one of those characters which she plays so well in the Countess. Miss Doyle as Eugenie, Miss McHenry as Colette, and Miss Gallagher as Adeline are all very acceptable. Bliss Whitaker's benefit on the afternoon of the 11th was a regular ovation. Standing room was at a premium. Mr. Sney, the proprietor of this theatre, takes an annual benefit March 15. Negotiations are pending between Mr. Thos. Maguire of San Francisco and Mr. Hooley for an exchange of stars, and the only interruption to its performance so far has been W. H. Crisp's benefit on Tuesday evening, when "The Corsican Brothers" and "The Victim of Circumstances" were presented to a big house. To-night W. J. Le Moyne takes his benefit, playing in "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Loan of a Lover" and "Solon Shingle." Next week will be the last of "Griffith Gaunt." It will be given the entire week, with the exception of Saturday, when Miss Annie Clarke's benefit will give us "The Palace of Truth" and "Paul Pry." On the 22d the Museum adds another to the list of novelties presented this season, in the shape of Robertson's "School.".....Monty Field has returned from Europe. Henry C. Jarret was in town during the week.

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MUSICAL.

J. R. KENDALL, a clarionet player and a brother of the late Ned Kendall, the celebrated bugler, died in San Francisco, Ca., Feb. 28. He was a member of the orchestra of the California Theatre, and had been playing during the afternoon in the concert at Woodward Gardens, where it was his custom to perform on Sundays. After his duties there were discharged, he returned home, dined, and went to the theatre to perform as usual. He entered the music-room, divested himself of his hat and coat, and, saying "Good evening, gentlemen," to his companions, wheeled about and fell to the floor a corpse. Although medical aid was speedily summoned, it arrived too late, as his spirit had winged its flight. He was a native of Massachusetts, and a drummer boy in the war of 1812. Most of his sons and his brother established the celebrated Brigade Band of Boston. Only a few months ago he received a letter from Boston, stating that he was the only surviving member of that band. Mr. Kendall was 73 years of age, quite hale in appearance, and was a member of the musical society of New York. The funeral ceremonies took place at Pacific Hall on Tuesday afternoon, March 3, in the presence of a large number of musicians, actors, artists, and ladies. The casket containing the remains, which was placed upon a raised bier in front of the stage, was profusely covered with flowers. The hall was draped in black, and after a few remarks, introduced Walter Leman, an old personal friend of the deceased, who delivered a simple, touching eulogy in so pathetic a manner that many of those present were moved to tears. The Rev. Dr. Stone then offered up a prayer, and the casket was carried to the hearse. One hundred musicians played Chopin's Funeral March, and the funeral cortege moved to the Masonic Cemetery, where the remains were interred. The pall-bearers were Charles Schultz, George Evans and all the members of the California Theatre orchestra.

F. M. HELMICK, music dealer, whose address is published elsewhere, offers to supply Italian violin-strings at one dollar a set, and also the best guitar strings at reasonable prices.

A SOLO BARITONE and second-violin player desires an engagement with a circus. See J. Z. Johnson's card.

N. N. STILLMAN, side-drummer, advertises for an engagement.

THE SPAULDINGS (W. P. and Georgie Dean) have re-engaged with G. L. Fox's Pantomime Troupe for the entire season.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, vocalists, Swiss bellringers, with ladies and gents' orchestral band, are meeting with great success, as will be seen by their advertisement in another column. They are under the management of D. G. Waldron, with Frank B. Cilley, advance agent; Frank L. Benjamin, tenor; Marie Packard, soprano; Belle Durgin, contralto; Charley Phelon, basso; Prof. H. M. Perry, leader of the silver bells; Miss Lenton Bryant, pianiste; Miss Minnie Kitty Allyne, Washington; the Robinson Family, to Cumberland, Md.; and Kitty Smith, to Philadelphia. The new attractions for March 15 are the Harrison Sisters, Ada Hood and Dan Mason. Helen Revere, Kitty Rowell, Harry Fox and Annie Reciefort open their new season at the Opera-house, San Francisco, Cal., 22, for two weeks.

THE HYERS SISTERS (colored) sang at Plymouth, Mass., March 8, Rockland 9, Randolph 10, South Braintree 11, Fall River 14 (sacred concert).

SAUL SEBTEEW, song-writer, advertises his address elsewhere.

G. SALOMONS advertises a new kind of improved violin rosin for sale.

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AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the entertainment is provided on a liberal scale, and appeared to meet with the hearty approval of large audiences during the week ending March 13. Pre-eminent among the attractions last week were Miss Jennie Engel and Mr. Milton Nobles. The serio-comic vocalism of Miss Engel met with deserved applause. Mr. Milton Nobles appeared to advantage in the excellent sensational drama of "Jim Bludsoe, or Bohemians and Detectives," his quiet style eliciting many favorable comments. Sheridan and Mack closed March 13. Rickey and Barney, Ben Dodge, Lester and Allen and Miss Maggie Claire commence March 15.

AT GILMORE'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, an exceedingly good programme attracted a large attendance last week. The new arrivals on the 8th inst. were Gorman and Romer, Miss Mollie Wilson and John H. Carle. Gorman and Romer are clever delineators of Dutch eccentricities, and were much applauded in their sketch of "Down By Dot Orchard." Miss Mollie Wilson exhibited a decided improvement, and met with a favorable reception in her serio-comic vocalism. John H. Carle's excellent banjo solos were also well received. Eva and Frank Bennett, McVicker and Sully, and Miss Julia Bennett open March 15.

THE PARTIES recently arrested at Gilmore's Varieties, Philadelphia, for alleged participation in the cancan, on the 13th inst. had a hearing in the Court of Quarter Sessions in that city, on a writ of habeas corpus asking for their discharge. Testimony as to the manner of carrying on the dance, the costumes, etc., was adduced, and the Commonwealth pressed for the remanding of relators. The counsel for relators argued that the law as to open lewdness did not apply here, as all the participants in the dance were clad and their persons were not exposed. Judge Mitchell, after hearing counsel for defendants, remanded them for trial, and bail was re-entered for twelve of the parties in sums varying from $2,000 to $100.

MLLE. VENTUROLI, once well and favorably known throughout the country as a graceful and artistic dansense, is now lying helplessly paralyzed at her residence on Hunter street, above Tenth, Philadelphia. She has been confined to her house for nearly two years, and is now said to be in actual want, being utterly without means, and probably will never recover the use of her limbs.

TALENT is wanted at the Theatre Comique, Toledo, O. Address Col. Paul Edwards, as per advertisement.

BURTON STANLEY, male soprano and female impersonator, whose performances are very favorably spoken of by *The St. Louis Globe*, can be engaged for vacant dates through W. C. Mitchell, manager of the Theatre Comique, in that city, where he is now performing.

GILDAY AND GINEVEN, comedians, opened at the Vaudeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., March 15, and return to Cleveland, O., 29.

AT TOLEDO, O., there were no new arrivals at the Theatre Comique the past week. The Lillian Sisters, who were announced for the 8th, failed to appear, explaining to the manager. Sallie Mason was re-engaged for two weeks. The Comique closes March 21 with a very funny one, and introduces plenty of good local gags, which never fail to bring down the house. Sadie Hasson, the only new face, became a favorite in her serio-comic songs. 16th, Treasurer Lacy has a benefit. Gus Durandeau, pianist, has an exceedingly pretty act. Advice of Dance. The Blanchards remained a couple of weeks.....The burlesque of "Don Giovanni" was rendered in very fine style at the Novelties. Blanche Clifton, as the gay and festive Don, invested the character with grace and abandon, and proved burlesque to be her forte. The other characters were all very good, and as a whole, the piece was quite a success. Johnny Griffin, jig-dancer, made a hit, and will be retained another week. 6, John Somers and Billy Allen danced a match jig for $200, the former being victorious. 9, Goshen the giant took his departure, for reasons unknown. Tixion is on the 15th. Leonie Hussey has a benefit. He is able to be about, though still very weak from the effects of his fall."

NULLY PIERIS, Kine Brothers, and Miss Clara Belmont were new attractions at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., on March 8. Business for this week excellent. Those closing this week are Mlle. Ashley, Barney and Murray, Neil and Willie Ainsley, Annie Fox and Nully Pieris. On the 15th will commence Cassam and Fritz, Kitty Sharpe, Peter Goshen, Love Sisters and Weston Sisters. Manchester and Jennings join Washburn's Sensation on March 29 for one year.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM COMPANY of Boston, Mass., return to that establishment, after a fortnight's vacation, on Monday evening, 15th inst. The regular stock company will play "Arrah na Pogue," and the variety element will be supplied by the Faust Family, Luke Schoolcraft, George H. Coes and Walters and Morton. "Moll Pitcher" will be given Thursday.

ALTHOUGH there were no new people at the Odeon, Baltimore, Md., on March 8, the deficiency was counterbalanced by an inviting and interesting programme. Frank Cushman, comedian, made his debut as a song-and-dance man, and evinces talent in that line. Bryant, Walker and Bryant, in their specialty, and Sam Collins, versatile comedian. From our Western exchanges in Colorado and Utah, we learn that the company is well received everywhere. They opened at Virginia City, Nevada, March 8, for six concerts, thence to Carson City and Sacramento, and they are to start in the opera-house, San Francisco, Cal., 22, for two weeks.

THE HYERS SISTERS (colored) sang at Plymouth, Mass., March 8, Rockland 9, Randolph 10, South Braintree 11, Fall River 14 (sacred concert).

SAUL SEBTEEW, song-writer, advertises his address elsewhere.

G. SALOMONS advertises a new kind of improved violin rosin for sale.

FRED BAKER, clarionet player, can be engaged. Address as per advertisement.

A LADY VOCALIST can procure an engagement by addressing Prof. S. Kormniski, as per card in another column.

"BILLIARDS ON THE BRAIN," a new comic song, has recently been issued by Wm. Pond & Co. of this city.

JAMES SEVERNS, cornet; Albert Clisbee, tenor and second violin; and Geo. H. Lennox, tuba player, are at liberty to accept an engagement with a circus company. See card.

J. L. HAWES, leader of orchestra and brass band, can be engaged with his two brothers, cornet and violin player, and will have an efficient full band if desired. Address as per advertisement.

D. BISHOP, double bass and tuba player, whose address find elsewhere, wants an engagement.

G. C. REYNOLDS, pianist, advertises that he will be at liberty after April 1.

LECOCQ'S opera bouffe "CHIROFLA" will be produced for the first time in Philadelphia on the 22d inst. at the Walnut-street Theatre, by Mlle. Coralie Geoffroy and opera-bouffe troupe.

THE TENNESSEANS gave two of their quaint concerts at Library Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., on March 10, matinee and evening. The afternoon attendance was not so large as when

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THE JAMAICA GLEANER, Feb. 18, says: Mr. Cyril Searle made his first appearance in Kingston in the role of Claude Melnotte, and on his entrance, with the words on his lips, "Give me joy, good mother, I have won the prize," —joy was in store for him, for he received a hearty greeting such as only the Kingston public can give to welcome a stranger, and he did win the prize. Mr. Searle is an actor of the modern school; discarding all the winning half-crying style of appealing to the passions, he at once showed himself the true artist, reading in a natural tone of voice which pleases the ear, and rendering the lines of the author with clear enunciation, flexibility of voice and correct modulation, displaying at the same time a fine, manly appearance and high histrionic ability.
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THE DAILY PRESS, Iowa City, Feb. 3, says:
A crowded house and most enthusiastic audience.
THE OMAHA (NEB.) HERALD says:
The Alleganians ever welcome.
THE DAILY NEWS, Feb. 14, Cheyenne, Wyo. Ter., says:
Never before in the history of Cheyenne was any occasion so marked. Its success as was the case of last evening, so made by the highly appreciable entertainment of the Alleganians.
THE LARAMIE (WYO. TER.) DAILY SENTINEL, Feb. 18, says:
The Opera-house was crowded to its utmost capacity, many being compelled to stand during the performance. It was undoubtedly the best concert troupe which has ever visited our city.
THE OGDEN UTAH JOURNAL (Mormon paper), Feb. 22, says:
The theatre was crammed to overflowing to hear these wonderful Alleghanians.
A TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH TO THE ASSOCIATED WESTERN PRESS says:
OGDEN, Feb. 21.
The Alleghanians had the largest house ever assembled in Ogden. At the earnest solicitation of many citizens they will appear again Monday evening, many having been unable to gain admission last night. They leave for Salt Lake Tuesday morning. OPERATOR.

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READ WHAT THE SALT LAKE DAILY HERALD, Feb. 28, says:
It was hardly to be expected that a concert troupe would draw here for six performances, and if evidence was needed of the excellence of the Alleghanians, it is to be found in the fact that their business increased every night, and the matinee yesterday afternoon was the largest given at the theatre for several years.
FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE PRESENT AT THEIR MATINEE.
THE SALT LAKE DAILY TRIBUNE, Feb. 28, says:
The Alleghanians appeared yesterday afternoon to the largest matinee ever congregated in the Salt Lake Theatre. The audience consisted of families and school children, amounting to fifteen hundred people, who seemed much delighted with the entertainment. To-day the troupe leave for Reno, and open in Virginia City March 8, at Piper's Opera-house, thence to Sacramento and San Francisco.
THE PIONEER WEEKLY INDEPENDENT, March 3, says:
Both concerts of the Alleghanians were the greatest successes ever known in Elko; nearly one thousand dollars in gold paid them well for the splendid concert they gave.
THE HOUSEHOLD WORD: THE ALLEGHANIANS.
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THE OPINION OF THE NEWARK MORNING REGISTER, MARCH 4.
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